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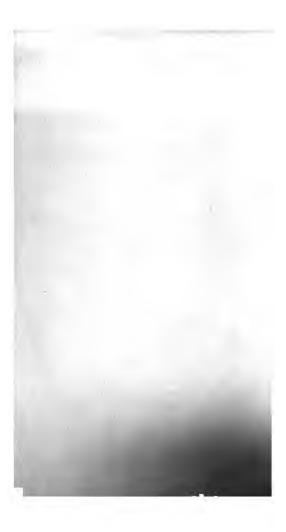


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COLLECTION OF

POEMS,

ON

AMERICAN AFFAIRS, AND A VARIETY OF OTHER SUBJECTS, CHIEFLY MORAL AND POLITICAL;

WRITTEN BETWEEN THE YEAR 1797 AND THE PRE-SENT TIME. ;

BY PHILIP FRENEAU,

Author of Poems written during the Revolutionary
War, Mistellanies, &c. &c.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

Then England come!—a sense of wrong requires
To meet with thirteen stars your thousand fires:
Through these stern times the conflict to maintain,
Or drown them, with your commerce, in the main.

VOL. I.

NEW-YORK:

PUBLISHED BY DAVID LONGWORTH,
At the Dramatic Repository,
Shakspeare-Gallery.

1815.

Sec. 1



DISTRICT OF NEW-YORK, SS.

Be it remembered, that on the seventh day of March, in thirty ointh year of the Independence of the United States of merica, David Longworth of the said district, hath deposite this office the title of a Book, the right whereof he claims as prietor, in the words following, to wit:

A collection of Poems, on american affairs, and a variety of c subjects, chiefly moral and political; written between the 1787 and the present time. By Philip Freneau, author of ems written during the revolutionary war, miscellanies, &c. two volumes.

> Then England come!—a sense of wrong requires To meet with thirteen stars your thousand fires Through these stern times the conflict to maintain, Or drown them, with your commerce, in the main,

In conformity to the Act of the Congress of the United Stantitled "an Act for the encouragement of Learning, by secuthe copies of Maps, Charts, and Books to the authors and prestors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned." also to an Act entitled "an Act, supplementary to an Act, & tled an Act for the encouragement of Learning, by securing copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the authors and proprie of such copies, during the times therein mentioned, and extent the henefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving and e ing historical and other prints.

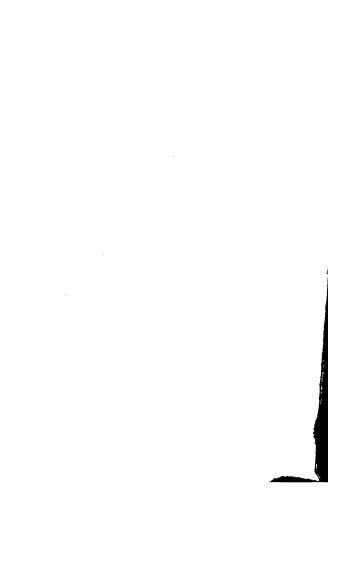
THERON RUDD, Clerk of the New-York Distric

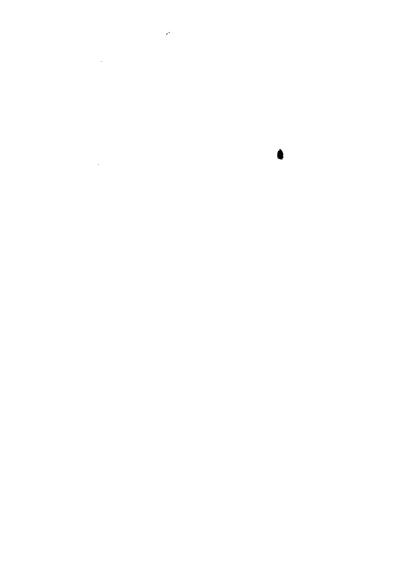
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The poetical pieces contained in these volumes were composed at different periods, and on a variety of occasions. between the years 1797 and 1815, and are now presented to the public minted from the author's original, and corrected manuscripts and, it is hoped, in such a style of typography, as will not be un acceptable to the reader.—Several of the performances, com prised in this collection, and chiefly those on political subjects, and other events of the times, have heretofore appeared in severa periodical publications of this and other STATES of the union It is presumed, however, that the poems of this description wil not be the less acceptable to the friends of the muses, now the are collected in these volumes; with the advantage of having at one view what were before scattered in those bulky vehicle of information, whose principal object can be little more than to record the common events and business of the day, and soon de scend into comparative oblivion - Whatever may be the fat of the work, they are respectfully offered to the world, it hopes it may obtain a share of their attention, and particularly from the friends of poetical composition; and in a country when it may be expected, the fine arts in general will, with the re turn of peace, find that share of encouragement, which they seen entitled to demand, in every nation that makes any pretension to refinement and civilization.- It is only necessary to add that care has been taken to execute the typographical part as correctly su possible.

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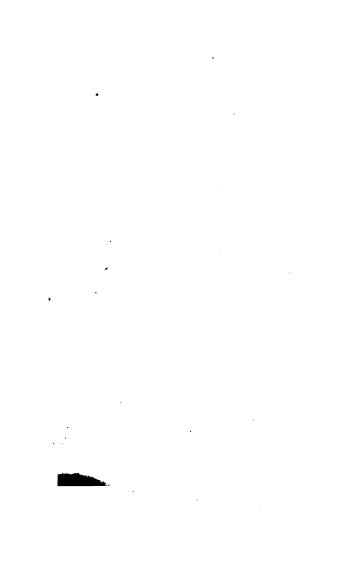




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THERON RUDD, Clerk of the New-York District.

N Van Riper, Printer, corner Greenwich and Vesey-streets

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THE FOLLOWING LINES

uddressed to the author, were sent to the publisher of these volume by a lady, who had read them in manuscript, together Poems, &c. formerly written during the Revolutionary and published in Philadelphia, in 1899.

Deign to accept the humble Iays
Your charming book inspired:
I send you nought but heart-self praise,
I read and I admired.—

In colors bright you have pourtray'd Each dear domestic scene Where oft in happiest days I've stray'd, A stranger then to pain.—

And though to wander I've been doom'd Far from that much loved place, With joy, its image I've resumed, And all its beauties, newly bloomed, Pleased, in thy page, I trace.

And oft beneath its shades I've woo'd like thee, The sweet enchantress poetry. In lonely groves have sought her soothing power When sorrows deep have wrung my aching breast, And sought her in the fragrant bower When joy, with dimpled smiles my face has drest.

Yet, though for me she many an hour beguiled, On thee, she, more propitious, smiled,

LINES, &c.

Around thy favor'd brow her hand has twined

A sweetly variegated wreathe
Of every blooming flower combined,
Perfumed with every sweet the odorous spring doth brea

umes, vith Whether with merry step and sprightly strain You ramble o'er the rural plain,
And bring with cherry cheeks and russet gown
The blooming country girl to town;
Or, pensive, seek the solemn shade
Where some lost friend in silence sleeps,
And as the soothing tribute's paid
Thy heart oppress'd with sad remembrance weeps.

Still, as thy sportive fancy roves
O'er smiling plains, through shady groves,
Now pleased the glowing landscape to design
And now the elegiac garland to entwine,
Still do we mark the true poetic fire,
And listen with delight, when Thyrais strikes the lyre.

And, may you thus the generous task pursue, Your theme is still unhackney'd—still is new: For you, shall fame a lasting wreathe prepare, Who from oblivion would your country save, And tell the world Columbia's sons are brave, HER DAUGHTERS GOOD AS FAIR!

CAROLINE.

New-Rochelle-

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FRENEAU'S POEMS.



REFLECTIONS

HE GRADUAL PROGRESS OF NATIONS FROM DEMO-CRATICAL STATES, TO DESPOSIC EMPIRES.

Iantua væ miseræ nimium vicina Cremonæ! vineru.

Oh fatal day! when to the Atlantic shore, ropean despots sent the doctrine o'er, at man's vast race was born to lick the dust; ed on the winds, or toil through life accurst; or and despised, that rulers might be great if swell to monarchs, to devour the state.

Whence came these ills, or from what causes grey, is vortex vast, that only spares the few, spotic sway, where every plague combined, stracts, degrades, and swallows up mankind; these from the intellectual sun its light, it should should the world in universal night?

Accuse not nature for the dreary scene, at glooms her stage or hides her heaven screne, c, equal still in all her varied ways, I equal blessing to the world displays.

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The suns that now on northern climates glow,
Will soon retire to melt Antarctic snow,
The seas she robb'd to form her clouds and rain,
Return in rivers to that source again;
But man, wrong'd man, borne down, deceived and
vex'd,

Groans on through life, bewilder'd and perplex'd;
No sums on him but suns of misery shine,
Now march'dito war, now grovelling in the mine.
Chain'd, fetter'd, prostrate, sent from earth a slave,
To seek rewards in worlds beyond the grave.

If in her general system, just to all,
We nature an impartial parent call,
Why did she not on man's whole race bestow,
Those fine sensations angels only know;
Who, sway'd by reason, with superior mind
In nature's state all nature's blessings find,
Which shed through all, does all their race pervade,
In streams not niggard by a despot made?

Leave this a secret in great nature's breast,
Confess that all her works tend to the best,
'Or own that man's neglected culture here
Breeds all the mischiefs that we feel or fear.
In all, except the skill to rule her race,
Man, wise and skilful, gives each part its place
Each nice machine he plans, to reason true,
Adapting all things to the end in view,
But taught in this, the art himself to rule
His sense is folly, and himself a fuol.

Where social strength resides, there rests, tis plain,
The power, mankind to govern and restrain:
This strength is not but in the social plan
Controling all, the common good of man,
That power concentred by the general voice,
In honest men, an honest people's choice,
With frequent change, to keep the patriot pure,
And from vain views of power the heart secure:
Here lies the secret, hid from Rome or Greece,
That holds a state in awe, yet holds in peace.

See through the world, in ages now retired,
Man foe to man, as policy required:
At some proud tyrant's nod what millions rose,
To extend their sway, and make a world their foes.
View Asia ravaged, Europe drench'd with blood,
In feuds whose cause no nation understood.
The cause we fear, of so much misery sown,
Known at the helm of state, and there alone.

Left to himself, wherever man is found, in peace he aims to walk life's little round; In peace to sail, in peace to till the soil, Nor force false grandeur from a brother's toil. All but the base, designing, scheming, few, Who seize on nations with a robber's view, With crowns and sceptres awe his dazzled eye, And priests that hold the artillery of the sky; These, these, with armies, navies, potent grown, Impoverish man and bid the nations groan. These with pretended balances of states Keep worlds at variance, bread eternal bates,

Make man the poor base slave of low design, Degrade his nature to its last decline, Shed hell's worst blots on his exalted race, And make them poor and mean, to make them base.

Shall views like these assail our happy land, Where embryo monarchs thirst for wide command, Shall a whole nation's strength and fair renown. Be sacrificed, to prop a tottering throne. That ages past, the world's great curse has stood, Has throve on plunder, and been fed on blood.—Americans! will you control such views?

Speak—for you must—you have no hour to lose.

TO THE REV.

SAMUEL STANHOPE SMITH, D. D.

And president of Nassau-hall, at Princeton, New-Je zey. on the rebuilding of that noble edifice, whi had been destroyed by fire.

This honor'd pile, so late in ashes laid, Once more emerges, by your generous aid; Your aid, and their's, who through our vast domain, Befriend the muses, and their cause sustain.

In flames involved, that stately fabric fell, Where, long presiding, you deserved so well; But to the dust when you beheld it fall, The honor'd, famed, majestic, MASSAU-HALL, Not then repining in that darkened hour Your native genius show'd its native power, And plann'd the means to bid a structure rise Pride of the arts, and favorite of the wise. For this we saw you trace the unwearied mile And saw the friends of Nassau on you smile; They to your efforts lent their generous aid, And every honor to your genius paid, To the firm patron of the arts they gave What Alfred lavish'd, and what arts should have.

For this we saw you rove the southern waste
In our Columbia's milder climates placed,
'Those happier shores, where Carolina proves
The friend of Princeton's academic groves,
Where Georgia owns the wreath to science due
And honor'd science, genius, art, and you:
And Charleston every generous wish return'd,
Sigh'd for the loss, and for her favorite mourn'd,
Proud of her sons, who by your cares are seen
Lights of the world, and pride of social man.
There Ramsay met you, esculapian sage,
The famed historian of a warring age,
His word gave vigor to your vast design,
Aud his strong efforts equall'd all but thine.

Nassau revived, from thence in time proceed Chiefs, who shall empire sway, or legions lead, Who, warm'd with all that philosophic glow Which Greece, or Rome, or reasoning powers bestow, Shall to mankind the friends and guardians be Shall make them virtuous, and preserve them free. From that lest pile, which, now to ashes turn'd; The sage regretted and the muses mourn'd, Sprung, once, a race who firm to freedom's cause, Repell'd oppression and despotic laws, Unsceptred kings, or one at least dismiss'd, With half the lords and prefects on his list: Such, early, here imbibed the sacred flame That glanced from heaven, or from true science cam With these enroll'd, be every honor done To our firm statesman, patriot, MADISON, Form'd to the purpose of a reasoning age, To raise its genius, and direct its rage.

This tribute from a friendly heart receive, O Smith! which must your kind indulgence crave, If half a stranger to the poet's lay, It fails your just, your due reward to pay.

THE NEW AGE;

OR, TRUTH TRIUMPHANT.

In reason's view the times advance
That other scenes to man disclose,
When nature to her children grants
A smiling season of repose;
And better laws the wise will trace,
To cush the wicked of our race.

Those happy ages, years of bliss,
Had many an ancient sage foretold,
Who, if they err'd or aught amiss,
Predicted of this age of gold,
It was, that crowns and courts and kings
Would still attend this change of things.

Strange thought, that they whose god is gain,

Who live by war, who thrive on blood,
Of half that live the curse the bane,
Could ever rule among the good:
These did some hateful fiend engage
To banish peace and vex the age.

Man to be happy, as he may
As far as nature meant him here,
Should yield to no despotic sway
Or systems of degrading fear;
And sovereign man, new modell'd now,
To sovereign man alone should bow.

The civil despot, once destroy'd,
With all his base, tyrannic laws,
The mind of man will be employ'd
In aiding virtue and her cause:
Enlighten'd once, inform'd and free,
The mind admits no tyranny.

I saw the blest benignant hour
When the worst plague of human race,
Dread superstition, lost her power,
And, with her patrons, black and base,

Fled to the darkest shades of hell, And bade at least one world farewell.

Fanatic flames extinguish'd, all
The energy of thought will rise:
I see imposture's fabric fall,
Each wicked imp of falsehood dies;
And sovereign truth prevails at last
To triumph o'er the errors past.

The moral beauties of the mind
If man would to a blessing turn,
And the great powers to him assign'd
Would cultivate, improve, adorn:
The sun of happiness, and peace
Would shine on earth and never cease.

ON THE

DEATH OF CATHARINE II.

Empress of all the Russias.

Confusion to that iron sway Which bids the brute, not man, obey, And dooms him to Siberian soil, Chains, whips, and vassalage, and toil.

This female wolf, whom wolves did nurse, So long of polar worlds the curse,

This Catharine, skill'd in royal arts, To the dark world at last departs.

In style, the second of her name, She to the crown by treason came; To Peter, drowsy, royal drope, She gave a prison for a throne.

She would have sent her tartar bands. To waste and ravage gallic lands. She would have sent her legions o'er, Columbia! to invade your shore!—

But, even in conquest, she foresaw Destruction to despotic law; She fear'd, in hordes returning home, That liberty would with them come.

She fear'd the savage from the den Would see and learn the rights of men: And hence, in time, destruction bring To hell's vicegerents—queen and king.

No thanks to her! the fear'd her beasts, Enslaved by kings, enslaved by priests, Even if all freedom they o'er rap, Would learn the dignity of man;

And kept them home, and held them there, Oppression's iron reign to bear;

An never meet a beam of light,

Involved in worse than Zembla's night.

Now she is dead, and Paul will rise As fierce as she, but not as wise; He may his barbarous millions send, He may the fall of France intend;

But they who see with keener eye Will see them faint, will see them fly; With hostile step will see them come To turn their backs, or meet their doom.

9M

ARRIVING IN SOUTH CAROLINA,

A happy gale presents, once more,
The gay and ever verdant shore,
Which every pleasure will restore
To those who come again:
You, Carolina, from the seas
Emerging, claim all power to please,
Emerge with elegance and ease
From Neptune's briny main.

To find in you a happier home,
Retirement for the days to come,
From northern coasts you saw me roam,
By flattering fancy moved:
I came, and in your fragrant woods,
Your magic isles and gay abodes,
In rural haunts and passing floods
Review'd the scenes I loved,

When sailing oft, from year to year

And leaving all I counted dear,
I found the happy country here
Where manly hearts abound;
Where friendship's kind extended hand,
All social, leads a generous band;
Where heroes, who redeem'd the land
Still live to be renown'd:

Who live to fill the trump of fame,
Or, dying, left the honor'd name
Which Athens had been proud to claim
From her historian's page......
These with invading thousands strove,
These bade the foe their prowess prove,
And from their old dominions drove
The tyrants of the age.

Long, long may every good be thine,
Sweet country, named from Caroline,
Once seen in Britain's court to shine
The fairest of the fair:
Still may the wanderer find a home
Where'er thy varied forests bloom,
And peace and pleasure with him come
To take their station here.

Here Ashley, with his brother stream, By Charleston gliding, all, may claim, That ever graced a poet's dream Or sooth'd a statesman's cares; She, scated near her forests blue, Which winter's rigor never knew, With half an ocean in her view Her shining turrets rears.

Here stately oaks of living green
Along the extended coast are seen.
That rise beneath a heaven serene,
Unfading through the year....
In groves the tall Palmetto grows,
Its shades inviting to repose,
The fairest, lovellest, scenes disclose....
All nature charms its liere.

Dark wilds are thine, the yellow field,

And rivers by no frost congeal'd,

And, Ceres, all that you can yield

To deck the festive board;

The snow white fleece, from pods that grows.

And every seed that Flora sows—

The orange and the fig-tree shows

A paradise restored.

There rural love to bless the swains
In the bright eye of beauty reigns,
And brings a heaven upon the plains
From some dear Emma's charms;
Some Laura fair who haunts the mead,
Some Helen, whom the graces lead,
Whose charms the charms of her exceed
That set the world in arms.

And distant from the sullen roar
Of ocean, bursting on the shore,
A region rises, valued more
Than all the shores possess:
There lofty hills their range display,
Placed in a climate ever gay,
From wars and commerce far away,
Sweet nature's wilderness.

There all that art has taught to bloom,
The streams that from the mountain foam,
And thine, Eutaw, that distant roam,
Impart supreme delight:
The prospect to the western glade,
The ancient forest, undecay'd—
All these the wildest scenes have made,
That ever awed the sight.

There Congaree his torrent pours,
Saluda, through the forest roars,
And black Catanuba laves his shores
With waters from afar,
Till mingled with the proud Santee,
Their strength, united, finds the sea,
Through many a plain, by many a tree,
Then rush across the bar.

But, where all nature's fancies join, Were but a single acre mine, Blest with the cypress and the pine, I would request no more; And leaving all that once could please, The northern groves and stormy seas— I would not change such scenes as these For all that men adore.

TO THE

MEMORY OF EDWARD RUTLEDGE, e

late governor of South Carolina.

Removed from life's uncertain stage, In virtue firm, in honor clear— One of the worthies of our age, RUTLEDGE! resigns his station here.

Alike in arts of war and peace,
And form'd by nature to excel,
From early Rome and ancient Greece,
He modell'd all his actions well.

When britons came, with chains to bind,
Or ravage these devoted lands,
He our firm league of freedom sign'd
And counsell'd how to break their bands.

To the great cause of honor true, He took his part with manly pride. His spirit o'er these regions flew,
The patriots' and the soldiers' guide.

In arts of peace, in war's bold schemes
Amongst our brightest stars he moved,
The Lees, the Moultries, Sumters, Greenes—
By all admired, by all beloved.

A patriot of superior mould,

He dared all foreign force oppose,
Till, from a tyrant's ashes cold,
The mighty pile of freedom rose.

In process of succeeding days

When peace resumed her joyous reign,
With laurel wreaths and twining bays

He sought less active life again.

There, warm to plead the orphan's cause From misery's eye to dry the tear, He stood where justice guards the laws At once humane, at once severe.

Twas not his firm enlighten'd mind, So ardent in affairs of state; Twas not that he in armies shined That made him so completely great:

Persuasion dwelt upon his tongue,

He spoke—all hush'd, and all were awed;—
From all he said conviction sprung,

And crowds were eager to applaud.

Thus long esteem'd, thus early loved,
The tender husband, friend sincere;
The parent, patriot, sage, approved,
Had now survived his fiftleth year—

Had now the highest honors met
That Carolina could bestow;
Presiding o'er that potent state
Where streams of wealth and plenty flow;

Where labor spreads her rural reign
To western regions bold and free;
And commerce on the Atlantic main
Wafts her rich stores of industry:

Then left this stage of human things
To shine in a sublimer sphere
Where time to one assemblage brings
All virtuous minds, all hearts sincere.

ON SUPERSTITION.

Implanted in the human breast, Religion means to make us blest; On reason built, she lends her aid To help us through life's sickening shade.

But man, to endless error prone

And fearing most what's most unknown,

To phantoms bows that round him rise, To angry gods, and vengeful skies.

Mistaken race, in error lost, And foes to them who love you most, No more fictitious gods revere, Nor worship what engenders fear.

O Superstition! to thy sway

If man has bow'd and will obey,

Misfortune still must be his doom

And sorrow through the days to come.

Hence, ills on ills successive grow
To cloud our day of bliss below;
Hênce wars and feuds, and deadly hate,
And all the woes that on them wait.

Here moral virtue finds its bane, Hence, ignorance with her slavish train, Hence, half the vigor of the mind Relax'd, or lost in human kind.

The social tie by this is broke When we some tyrant god invoke: The bitter curse from man to man From this infernal fiend began.

The reasoning power, celestial guest, The stamp upon the soul impress'd; When Superstition's awe degrades, Its beauty fails, its splendor fades.

CS

FRENEAU'S POEMS.

O! turn from her detested ways, Unhappy man! her fatal maze; The reason which he gave, improve, And venerate the power above.

THE ROYAL APPRENTICE, A LONDON STORY.

A widow who some miles from London lived, Far in a vale obscure, of little note, With much ado a poor subsistence gain'd * From a spinning-wheel, that just her living brough

A son she had, a rude mischievous wight, Who, now to fifteen years or more arrived, Would neither dig nor thresh, nor hold the plougt But simply by the poor old woman lived.

Joan thought it time this lazy, lounging lad Should learn some trade, since country work he ha Jerry, said she, to London you must go, And learn to work; for this you was created;

While tarrying here, you eat up all my kail, Scarce leave a turnip-top—my hens you kill, And nothing earn:—my wheel alone goes round, But time must come, my boy, when stop it will; Your legs and arms grow every day more strong; For height you shortly will be call'd a man; Not so with me—I am hastening down the hill And soon must mix with dust, where I began!

Jerry with tears, received the good advice; So, up to London town, next week they went: Now choose, said Joan, the trade you fancy best, For to some trade you must and shall be sent.

So round he stroll'd through many a street and alley, Saw blacksmiths, here like Vulcan, wielding sledges, There tailors, sitting cross-legg'd, on a board, Next barbers, whetting up their razors edges;

Now saw a cobbler, cobbling in his stall, Then, weaver, busy with his warp and woot, Now, mason, raising high some lordling's wall, Or carpenter, engaged upon a roof.

These pleased him not—all this was hard earn'd cash, Tight work he thought, in one disguise or other; He look'd at labor—saw it was not good— Or only good, as managed by his mother.

He shook his head, as if he meant to say,
All this is worse than threshing—learn a trade!
Something I'll learn that's fine, genteel, and airy,
For common work these hands were never made,

At last, he chanced to stray where dwells the king, Great George the third, in all his pomp and glare;

Well now, thought Jerry, here must live a man That has a trade would suit me to a hair.

There's little doing—all is brisk and gay, And dainty dishes go a begging here: Some seem to work, yet all their work is play, I will be bound at least for seven long year.

So back he came where honest Joan was waiting— Well. Jerry tell me, what's the trade you pitch on? Mother, said he, there is but one I like, Or which a man is likely to get rich on—

"Come tell me then the business you prefer: One only thriving trade!—a curious thing! Out with it then!"—said Jerry, mother dear, Bear mother, bind me 'prentice to the king.

THE MILLENNIUM-

TO A RANTING FIELD ORATOR.

With aspect wild, in ranting strain
You bring the brilliant period near,
When monarchy will close her reign
And wars and warriors disappear;
The lion and the lamb will stray,
And, social, walk the woodland way.

I fear, with superficial view

You contemplate dame nature's plan :--

She various forms of being drew,

And made the common tyrant—man:

She form'd them all with wise design,
Distinguish'd each, and drew the line.

Observe the lion's visage bold
His iron tooth, his murderous claw,
His aspect cast in anger's mould;
The strength of steel is in his paw:
Could he be meant with lambs to stray
Or feed along the woodland way?

Since first bis race on earth began
War was his trade and war will be:
And when he quits that ancient plan
With milder natures to agree,
He will be changed to something new
And have some other part to do.

One system see through all this frame,
Apparent discord still prevails;
The forest yields to active flame,
The ocean swells with stormy gales;
No season did the God decree
When leagued in friendship these should be.

And do you think that human kind
Can shun the all-pervading law—
That passion's slave we ever find—
Who discord from their nature draw:—
Ere discord can from man depart
He must assume a different heart.

Yet in the slow advance of things
A time may come our race may rise,
By reason's aid to stretch their wings,
And see the light with other eyes;
And when the ancient mist is pass'd;
To find their nature changed at last.

The sun himself, the powers ordain,
Should in no perfect circle stray;
He shuns the equatorial plane,
Prefers an odd serpentine way,
And lessens yearly, sophists prove,
His angle in the voids above.

When moving in his ancient line,
And no oblique ecliptic near,
With some new influence he may shine
But you and I will not be here
To see the lion shed his teeth
Or kipgs forget the trade of death—

ON THE FEDERAL CITY-1791.

All human things must have their rise, And Rome advanced from little size Till future ages saw her grown The mistress of the world, then known. So, bounding on Potowmac's flood, Where ancient oaks so lately stood An infant city grows apace Intended for a ruling race.

Here capitols of awful height— Already burst upon the sight. And buildings, meant for embryo kings Display their fronts and spread their wings.

This city bodes no common fate—All other towns, as books relate, With huts at first were thinly spread, With hovels mean, or humble shed.

But matters here are quite reversed; Here, palaces are built the first, And late will common rustics come In such abodes to find a home.

Meantime, it will be fair and just (Nor will our congress fret, we trust) If while the poor at distance lurk— Themselves do their own dirty work.

Rome's earliest citizens were thieves, So history tells, and man believes; May matters be again reversed, May they who here inhabit first Justruct the late historians pen To write—that they were honest men-

THE NAUTICAL RENDEZVOUS.

Written at a house in Guadaloupe, in 1800, where they were collecting recruits for a privateer.

The ship preparing for the main Enlists a wild, but gallant train, Who in a moving jail would roam Disgusted with the world at home.

They quit the fields and quit the trees To seek their bread on stormy seas; Perhaps to see the land no more, Or see, but not enjoy the shore.

There must be some as this world goes Who every joy and pleasure lose, And round the world at random stray To gain their bread the shortest way.

They hate the ax, they hate the hoe
And execrate the rural plough,
The mossy bank, the sylvan shade
Where once they wrought, where once they play'd:

Prefer a boisterous, mad career,
A broken leg, and wounds severe,
To all the joys that can be found
On mountain top or furrow'd ground

A hammock holds them when they sleep; A tomb, when dying, in the deep, A crowded deck, a cann of beer These sons of Amphitrite prefer To all the verdure of the fields.

Or all a quiet pillow yields.

There must be such a nervous race,
Who venture all, and no disgrace;
Who will support through every blast,
The shatter'd ship, the falling mast—
Who will support through every sea
The sacred cause of liberty,
And every foe to ruin drag
Who aims to strike the gallic flag.

HE ROYAL COCKNEYS IN AMERICA-1797.

Why travel so far from your insular home, Ye cockneys of London, and all in a foam, To talk, and to talk, with coxcombical phiz, And tell what a nuisance democracy is:

Twas a lesson we learn'd

When you were concern'd

In wishing success to the vast preparations

To conquer and pillage the royal-plantations.

We americans far from your king-ridden isle Do humbly beseech you, all democrat haters,

EAU'S POEMS.

bodies or souls you defile,

off, with your lies and your satires:

you worship requests your assistance
you help him at such a long distance

iglishman's creed,
yall have agreed
i England, there's nothing, they swear,
old England—dear England—compare;
id England, or we'll send you there.

rrived from the hives of the east, o sap the republic's foundation; heir leader, their scribe, and their priest?, Porcupine Peter, democrat-eater, d by Pitt, at the charge of the nation, to the demo's a new revelation.

is in England, and some who are here, to join in his sink of scurrility, him, tis certain, four thousand a year damn'd libel, to please our nobility: I—is the hero of all that is said woral Cobbett*—a man of the blade! his countrymen thought at for nothing we fought mean to regain, by the aid of his press, they lost, to their shame and disgrace, t them fairly engage some liberal page:

ing to the egotistical style of his writings.

can give them an answer, not relish'd by some, will see their friend Peter go, whimpering, home.

ODE TO THE AMERICANS:

the progress of liberty and reason in the world is and gradual; but, considering the present state of gs, and the light of science universally spreading, it cannot be long impeded, or its complete established prevented,—1798.

They who survey the human stage, In reason's view; through time's past age, Will find, whatever nature plann'd Came, first, imperfect from her hand, Or what ourselves imperfect call; In nature's eye, though perfect all—

To man she gave to improve, adorn; But let him halt—and all things turn To assume their wild primeval cast, The growth of a neglected waste.

Yond' stately trees, so fresh and fair, That now such golden burthens bear Were once mean shrubs that, far from view, In desert woods, unthrifty grew.

Man saw the seeds of something good In these rude children of the wood; Apply'd the knife, and pruned with care, Till art has made them what they are.

With curious eye, search history's page, And MAN observe, through every age; At first a mere barbarian, he Bore nothing good, (like that wild tree.)

At length by thought and reason's aid, Reflection piercing night's dark shade, Improvements gain'd, by slow advance Direction, not the work of chance.

Forsaking, first, the savage den
And fellow-beasts less fierce than men,
New plans they form'd for war or power,
And sunk the ditch and raised the tower.

In course of years the human mind Advancing slow proved more refined, Less brutal in external show, But native mischief lurk'd below,

Despots and kings begun their part, And millions fell by rules of art; Or malice, rankling all the while, Lay hid beneath the treacherous smile.

Religion brought her potent aid To kings, their subjects to degrade— Religion!—to profane your name The hag of superstition came, And seized your place, the world to ensnare, A bitter harvest doom'd to bear! And priests, or history much deceives, Turn'd aid-de-camps to sceptred thieves.

At last, that cherub from the skies, (Our nature-meant to humanize,) And sway, without a king or crown, Philosophy, from heaven came down:

Adorn'd with all her native charms She clasp'd her offspring in her arms, In hope the mists of night to chase And hold them in her fond embrace.

She, only she, for virtue warm Dissolved the spell and broke the charm, That bade mankind their hands imbue In blood, to please the scheming few.

Arm'd with a dart of fire and love She left the seats and courts above, And her celestial power display'd Not to compel, but to persuade.

The moment she had whirl'd her sling
Each trembling war-hawk droop'd his wing:
They saw that reason's game was won,
They saw the trade of tyrants done:

And all was calm—she saw, well pleased, The havor done, the tumult ceased,

42 FRENKAU'S POEMS.

She saw her throne was now adored, She saw the reign of peace restored,

And said, 'I leave you-pray, be wise!

- 'I'm on a visit to the skies,
- Let incense on my altars burn
- 'And you'll be blest till I return.'

But sad reverse!—when out of sight
The fiends of darkfless watch'd her flight—
What she had built, they soon displaced,
Her temples burn'd, her tracks effaced.

Their force they join'd, to quench her same, A thousand ghastly legions came
To blast the blossom in the bud
And retrograde to chains and blood.

The people!—to be bought and sold, Were still the prize they wish'd to hold;— All peasants, soldiers, sailors, slaves, The common sink of sogues and knaves.

Yet, nature must her circle run— Can they arrest the rising sun? Prevent his warm reviving ray, Or shade the influence of the day?

If Europe to the yoke returns, Columbia at the idea spurns— Let Britain wield barbarian rage In vain her navy spreads its sails, The strength of mind at last prevails; And reason! thy prodigious power Has brought it to its closing hour.

Appeal to arms henceforth should cease, And man might learn to live in peace; No kings with iron hearts should reign, To seize old ocean's free domain.

Americans! would you conspire To extinguish this increasing fire? Would you, so late from fetters freed, Join party in so base a deed?

Would you dear freedom sacrifice, Bid navies on the ocean rise, Be bound by military laws, And all, to aid a tyrant's cause?

Oh, no! but should all shame forsake, And gratitude her exit make, Could you, as thousands say you can, Desert the common cause of man?

A curse would on your efforts wait.
Old british sway to reinstate;
No hireling hosts could force a crown.
Nor keep the bold republic down:

The rising race, combined once more, Would honor to our cause restote.

44 FRENEAU'S POEMS.

And in your doom and downfall seal Such woes as wicked kings shall feel.

O liberty! seraphic name, With whom from heaven fair virtue came, For whom, through years of misery toss'd. One hundred thousand lives were lost;

Still shall all grateful hearts to thee Incline the head and bend the knee; For thee this dream of life forego And quit the world when thou dost go!

THE MODERN JEHU;

OR, NOBILITY ON FOUR WHEELS.

Namque ante Helenam currus fuit.-- HOB.

Old John never drove so fast
A John in our cay,
Whose chariot runs at such a rate
It soon must run away.

And what an angel do we see!
Fair Anna by his side!
And is—I ask—or is she not
This modern Jehu's bride?

She surely is of royal race—Nobility at least:

And to what palace do they drive To share some royal feast?

Sir Jehu, in the gay machine Wedged in with smiling Nan, Looks mighty wise, and cunninger Than Jehu's cunning man.

O'er public and republican
Full royally he rode,
And on the strength of bottled ale
Came blundering all abroad.

The very horses seem to tell
That we must doff our hats,
When galloping along they go
So much like little rate.

O Jehu, such a mad career
Will never, never do;
We, little people, in the streets
Must pass as well as you.

In little whispers some have said
The matter was design'd,
The footman should have sat before
And Jehu stood behind.

What is the motto to the coath? Stand off, and let us hear: But have a care and do not touch The emigns on the rear. The motto is, in latin words,
.' Dame Fortune helps the bold:'*
And this, we know, it also means,—
She help'd a devilish scold.

Then take good care, sir Jehu dear, Who drive at such a rate, Or Nanny, she may get a fall, And you a broken pate,

Such things have happen'd thrice before
As she remembers well,
And happen but it may again,
Not Nanny's self can tell.

These coaches are uncertain things,
When horses take a start,
The likeliest way to ride secure
Is in the market cart.

THE POLITICAL RIVAL SUITORS.

Occasioned by the detection of certain foreign schem for exclusive privileges in American commerce.

> This western world, a glowing maid In fortune's shining robes array'd, This heiress of a vast estate Though not of very ancient date, Beheld a crowd of lovers come To gain her love and take her home,

> > * Fortuna fortibus favet,

This nymph was of a tawny cast. And now her twentieth year * had pass'd: Her hands and arms were well enough. Her features show'd her-rugged stuff: She rather seem'd inclined to fat-An Indian's feather deckt her hat: An home-made necklace-not of pearl-Adorn'd the new of nature's girl. And on her breasta knot she bore Of flowers a little stain'd by war; Upon her shoulders hung a bow With which she would a hunting go Whenever humor, whim, or chance Inclined her to her savage haunts To scour the waste, or climb the hill, And have diversion, at her will.

For such a nymph, in such attire;
I saw the suitors, all aspire;
I heard them speak in courtly style,
I saw them happy in her smile
Each glance encouraged all they meant,
They hoped her words express'd—consent;
Each thought he all her love possess'd,—
But she no fond return confess'd.—

They wish'd to clasp her in their arms, They saw in her a thousand charms; No single female trait they miss'd That did—or never did—exist:

* Of independence.

FRENEAU'S POEMS.

The flowers that near her bosom glow'd, Allured their loves to that abode Where all was fresh, and all was rare, And all was heaven that centred there.

Freed from a foreign parent's charge;
She, independent, roved at large;
She, now had broke his locks and keys,
Or closed the gates, and paid her fees:—
HE from the first had used her hard;
A mother too! with small regard
Had turn'd her off to do her best,
When grown too weak to hold her fast.

Now, which of all this suitor train, COLUMBIA, shall thy favor gain?— Of each that for possession sues, Do, tell me which of all you choose?

Proud of his vast extended reign, His floating empire on the main, With hatred to affection turn'd The briton for her favors burn'd,

With bearish grasp he squeezed her hand,
'And growl'd out—" slave—at your command—
"Although I've hugg'd you, black and blue
"I would our ancient love renew!"

She thought his style by much too coarse; She would not yield her heart to force:

- *Give me, said she, 'my ships again,
- 'My hosts imprison'd on the main,
- And you may dangle in my train.
 - 'I have been wrong'd, and basely so;
- Where rancor is, can friendship glow?
- *Much less that heaven-descended flame
- Affin A was because of a second united
- That you know not—nor will I name——
- With arms of love would you embrace
- *The heroine of a gallant race,
- When, in your heart the furies join
- To spoil and plunder all that's mine-
- · Before affection can return
- My tears will flow, and you must mourn.'— The spoke no more, nor yea, nor nay But, frowning, look'd a different way.

The dane, the dutchman, and the swede At distance eyed the angry maid;
The russian, bred in frost and snow,
Felt in his breast strange ardor glow?

So dull, in these, did passions move
She cry'd, 'They are not made for love!

- These, heavy formal and demure
- *I can't esteem, but may endure.
 - * If from your stores you have to spare
- *Some stacks of hemp, or iron ware;
- Or, if upon your soil it grows
- What we have not-you may dispose.

FRENEAU'S POEMS.

- 'Of what your merchants have to sell;
- 'So, bring it here—and all is well:
- 'We'll give you something in exchange-
- And mutual intercourse arrange-
- · Your commerce may our own improve-
- 'But this is not the trade of love!'

The spaniard grave, with cloak and sword,
Some favors from the nymph implored,
And hoped that for the sake of gold
And silver, from Potosi roll'd,
She would admit his fond embrace
And give his love the foremost place.

Vain were his tears and coaxing art, She could not bear a jealous heart. She said, 'my friend, you sleep too sound-

- 'You are both formal and renown'd,-
- Where'er the sun displays his beam
- From Madrid to La Plata's stream;
- From thence extending to Peru,
- 'You travel far-and who but you?-
- Ah vagrant! why so fond to roam?
- I like my lovers best at home.
- 'Throughout the ocean of the west
- 'Your sons, your subjects, are oppress'd:
- ' You wear, besides, the monkish gown,
- And that I hate, of all things known-
- Go seek some widow to your mind;
- You're doating, old, reserved, unkind-
- ' A chain you drag where'er you go-
- 'A lover with a chain!—I vow.

- · I would not risk that clanking chain
- · For all your mexican domain.

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- Go, find some widow, wrinkled, old,
- "I love the young, the free, the bold."

The turk, himself, to engage her love From Asia's coasts began to move: He touch'd his nose upon her cheek And many an effort made to speak : His head was with a turban graced A zone of scarlet wrapp'd his waist, And from his shoulders, flowing down. The breezes kiss'd Mahomet's gown: The sandals on his feet were seen With sapphires studded, blue and green, And, all embroidered, on his breast, He wore a costly crimson vest; Despotic sway was in his port, His manners were from Selim's court; And with a stately step he strode, Each gesture in the eastern mode. Still on his brow remain'd the frown Descended from the tartar crown— Nor said he much-but half in jest, ' Hoped he might court her, with the rest,'

- 'Oh no!' she cried, 'it will not do!
- · I cannot link with such as you-
- 'What want I from your distant shore?
- 'Your prophet I cannot adore-
- What visions on your fancy fly
- "What means, I pray, that sleepy eye?

FRENEAU'S POEMS.

- 'Your visage is a swarthy pale
- 'You look, as though you were in jail:
- Oh, sir! in drugs I do not deal,
- *And you have little else to sell,
- 'Or little else, demanded here;
- ' Your opium, too, is very dear,
- ' And, it imported o'er the deep,
- I fear would put me soon to sleep:
- A sleepy love I grant to none,
- So, take your leave, and pray be gone.

The frenchman came, with learing eye, And from his breast hove many a sigh; Spoke much, and loud, of favors past, And swore 'his love would ever last;

- 'That once from ruin he had saved
- Ano many a danger for her braved;
- 'Had snatch'd her from the british grip,
- When Britain came, with many a ship,
- ' And many a legion, to destroy
- 'The world's last hope—and his first joy."

She dropt some tears for what he said, But thought it was no time to wed;

- And, if a secret I may tell,
- Continued thus the western belle,
- My gallic lad, I love you well-
- ' And I would grant you all you ask 🛊
- But I have many a heavy task,
- 'And many an action to perform,
- ' To march, and weather many a storm

- Before the day of leisure comes
- From warring hosts and beating drums,-
- But still observe me, you're the man!
 - ' And, sir, I'll grant you ALL I CAN.
 - ' But that is mere platonic love!
 - * No other fires my bosom move!
 - 'I am the mistress of mankind;
 - ' To me the world is all assign'd,
 - ' To favor all the most I can;
 - ' Such is my purpose, and my plan.'

One lover, yet, remain'd behind,
The awkwardest of all mankind,
Of modest, thoughtful, grave demeanor,
Who, to that hour, had never seen her,
Of stature tall, erect, and slim,—
He stay'd for her to come to him!

- ' He came,' he said, 'from To-ang-foo,
- 'The only country that he knew
- 'On this world's surface worth the owning:
- 'Where men are rich, and very cunning:'
 He said. 'he never went a courting.
- ' All came to him that wanted sporting :
- ' He held his quarters at Macou,
- ' And further, much, he could not go;
- ' And, if she would not meet him there,
- · Why—very well—he did not care—
- Perhaps twas best to stay at home:
- ' But, if she loved him, she might come.'

She smiled at such a strange address, And hardly could his meaning guess;

PRENEAU'S POEMS.

But answer'd 'hus-' my honest friend,

- 'I hope you're at your journey's end;
- But if again you homeward go
- And safe arrive at $T a \cdot g f \cdot e$,
- · As I exist-upon my life,
- · I'll send you an accomplish'd wife!

Then thus to all her suitors cry'd,

- 'I wish not yet to be a bride:
- * Whoe'er would in my eyes excel,
- * The secret is, to use me well;
- 'If you would in my bosom find
- 'The treasure that enslaves mankind,
- · Take not my ships, seize not my men,
- ▲ As some have done—and you know when—
 - Perhaps at last the time may come,
- With wrinkled face and toothless gum,
- * That I from virtue's rules may part,
- ' Betray at list the fickle heart;
- 'That I, a dotard, like the rest.
- May feel strange passions in my breast,
- May take some miscreant to my bed
- With rotten shins and broken head.
- Before a dozen lovers fall,
- And be the common hag of all.

PREFATORY LINES TO A PERIODICAL PUB-

LICATION.

Wherever this volume may chance to be read For the feast of good humor a table I spread; Here are dishes by dozens; whoever will eat Will have no just cause to complain of the treat.

If the best of the market is not to be had I'll help you to nothing that's seriously bad; To sense and to candor no place I refuse, Pick here and pick there, and wherever you choose.

If I give you a frolic I hope for no fray;
My style I adapt to the taste of the day,
The feast of amusement we draw from all climes
The best we can give in a run of hard times.

The gnest, whom the pepper of satire may bite Is wrong, very wrong, if he shows us his spite; Should a fit of resentment be-rufile his mind, Sit still, I would tell him, be calm and resign'd.

In the service of freedom forever prepared, We have done our endeavor the goddess to guard; This idol, whom reason should only adore, And banish'd from Europe, to dwell on our shore, In a country like this, exalted by fame,
The trade of an author importance may claim
Which monarchs would never permit them to find,
Whose views are to chain and be-darken the mind.

Ye sons of Columbia! our efforts befriend; To you all the tyrants of Europe shall bend Till reason at length shall illumine the ball And man from his state of debasement recall.

Republics of old, that are sunk in the dust, Could once, like our own, of their liberty boast; Both virtue and wisdom in Athens appear'd, Each eye saw their charms, and all bosoms revered.

But as virtue and morals fell into disgrace Pride, splendor, and folly stept into their place; Where virtues domestic no longer were known, Simplicity lost, and frugality flown.

Where the virtues, that always a republic adorn, Were held in contempt, of were laugh'd into scorn, There, tyrants and slaves were the speedy effect Of virtue dishonor'd or fall'n to neglect:

Then tyrants and slaves, the worst plagues of this earth, From the lapse of good manners were hatch'd into birth; And soon the base maxim all popular grew, And allowed, that the many were made for the few.

From the fate of republics, or Athens, or Rome,

Tis time we should learn a sad lessen at home—

From their faults and their errors a warning receive, And steer from the shoals where they both found a grave.

Columbians! forever may freedom remain, And virtue for ever that freedom maintain; To these, all attracting, all views should submit All labors of learning, all essays of wit.

Tis time a new system of things was embraced
To prevail on a planet so often debased;
As here, with our freedom, that system began,
Here, at least keep it pure—for the honor of man.

ON A LADY.

SOW DECRASED, THAT HAD BEEN BOTH DEAF AND BLIND MANY YEARS.

Why such anxious care for curing?
Are your sufferings past enduring?
Doctors for the eye and ear;
Dearest madam,
You have had 'em,
Had them call'd from year to year.

FRENEAU'S POEMS.

Is there pleasure in the seeing
Many a wretched, helpless being
Begging bread from door to door ?
Wants so many
Of a penny
Of those who rarely handle more.

Are the heavens a sight engaging?
There I see the lightnings raging,
Angry clouds in all directions;
Sulphur blazing,
Tempests raising;
These would give you sad reflections.

These are freaks of rugged nature;
Such a dame, with such a feature,
You are blest in not beholding:
Comets glaring,
Wars declaring;
These are plagues of nature's moulding.

But the little world around us;
Has its mischiefs, to astound us;
Half your town is in a pother;
Churches burning,
Females mourning
Some a husband, some a brother.

Some lament a lost estate,

Some the follies of the great:

Of these ills you are usknowing:

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All the clamor
Sledge and hammer,
Bells a-ringing, storms a-blowing,
All the bustle you defy.
All is darkness to your eye!

To your ear we cannot tell
What is doing, ill or well.
All, no doubt, is for the better—
You behold no starving debtor,
Orphan, widow, in distress:
You regard no cryers bawling
Sweeps, from tops of chimnies squalling,
Ships unmooring,
Cannon roaring,
Husbands snoring—
Ah! tis best you hear it not.
Troops parading,
Lawyers pleading,
These, and more, are all forgot:

Thus, deprived of senses two,
All the world will pity you—
All the world is in the wrong:—
For the intellectual light,
Shines, increasing through your night,
All the nobler powers of mind
Grow angelic and refined,

Bear your losses, And your crosses, Be resign'd—it is your let. And the bright celestial ray
Turns your darkness into day.
What reflections on the past!
Virtue brightening to the last!
Not a murmur, not a sigh!
Your heaven begins before you die?
Thus decreed Olympian Jove,
Chancellor of the courts above.

ON THE WAR.

PROJECTED WITTH THE REPUBLIC OF PRATC

The cause that rests on reason's ground,
Shall potent through the world be found,
Mankind must yield to that decree
Which humbles pride and tyranny.

O'er this wide globe what darkness broods What raisery, marder, wars and feuds!— Does man deserve the solar light While he performs the deeds of night? When to the gates of modern Rome We see the gallic legions come, Their triumphs should, in honor, be To make them men, and make them free.

In these new wars new views we trace, Not fetters for the human race, And, France, where'er you dart your rays Old superstition's reign decays.

But look again!—what myriads join The vast reform to undermine! What labor, bribes, and deep laid schemes To quench the snn, and reason's beams!

Shall these succeed? and will that sun Continue, still, his race to run O'er scenes that he must blush to see Disorder, chains, and tyranny?

Must systems, still, of monstrous birth, Enslave mankind, deform this earth? No!—to the question answers fate, These efforts come an age too late.

In such a system to combine,
Columbia, can the wish be thine!
Could such a thought assail your heart,
To take that base, ungrateful part.

From Britain's yoke so lately freed Would she her hosts, her legious lead

FRENEAU'S POEMS.

To crush that power, which jointly gain'd And once her sinking cause sustain'd?

From all true hearts be banish'd far The thought of so profane a war— A curse would on her arms attend And all her well-earn'd honors end.

Fortune no more your toils would crown, Your flag would fall before her frown; No gallant men the foe would dare, No Greenes no Washingtons appear:

No chiefs, that check'd the pride of kings On Monmouth's plains—at Eutaw springs But blundering hordes, not brave or warm With broken heart, and nerveless arm,

Would sail, to attack your gallic foe, Would strive in vain a cause t'o'erthrow Which, sink or not, will live in fame, While Europe can one patriot claim.

THE MISTAKE;

A MODERN SHORT STORY.

We tell a tale that means no harm, And hope it will not give alarm Or make our readers feel too warm.

It is a modern tale, we own,
Which folks may read, or let alone,
Just as they leisure have—or none.

There was a man, of dismal face, Whom many thought a man of grace Who walk'd through life a sober pace.

He wore a suit of homespun black, And, on occasion, had a clack That put our ears upon the rack.

But, whether short or whether tall, Or whether Peter named, or Paul, We think it matters not at all.

Full twenty years this man in black
(Perhaps a dozen times a week)
Had pray'd the pope might go to wreek.

He pray'd, that for his doings past Old anti-Christ might have a blast And to the dogs be thrown at last.

This was the substance of his prayer, (And more we many a time did hear, As dealt about from year to year.)

- . That man of sin! chastise him well,
- Who does against the truth rebel,
- ' And heaven itself presumes to sell:
- 'This monster of the triple crown,
- 'Ye crows, devour him very soon;
- ' Good lord, we pray thee, ding him doon !-
- 'That man of sin, who lives at Rome,
- * Where good St. Peter once did come,
- 'Without a house, without a home!
- 'That man of sin, who keeps a show
- 'At Peter's church for high and low,
- ' And makes the nations kiss his toe;
- · Whose bell for idol worship rings;
- * Whose stirrup must be held by kings
- * While he upon his prancer springs:
- Good lord! destroy him, we desire,
- And with him, too, the monk and frian-
- 'With their own faggot and their fire.'
- *A scottish expression, beat him down.

The good man's prayer, at length was heard; Victorious France to Rome repair'd And Bonaparte his standard rear'd.

The pontiff saw, with wild dismay, The hero come, the artillery play, And armies marching in array.

The romans made a feeble stand Dear liberty! against your band; The pope came suppliant, cap in hand,

And said, "I yield with all submission; Indeed I'm in a lost condition, And now would make my last petition;

Take all I have but let me go, My keys I render up to you, Which are, in fact, the devil's due.''

So off he went, to starve and see Old Rome by heretics made free From holy fraud and villany.

Meantime the man that pray'd so long Against the pope, and all his throng, Saw things were rather going wrong,

And to his passion gave a vent—

"Why—this is not the thing I meant,
All this is not with my consent.

FRENEAU'S POEMS.

I did not wish the pope should fall By hand of unbelieving gaul, Who hates us deacous, pope, and all!

I wish'd him scorch'd by fires from high, By sudden vengeance from the sky— So I explain'd the prophecy.

Now from this day, I tell ye plain, I'll pray and preach my might and main The pope may get his place again!

COMMERCE:

That internal commerce only, promotes the morals a country situated like America, and prevents its ground fluxury, and its consequent vices.

To every clime, through every sea:
The bold adventurer steers;
In bounding barque, through each degree
His country's produce bears—
How far more blest to stay at home

Where fervors melt, or frosts congeal— Ah ye! with toils and hardships worn, Condemn'd to face the briny foam; Ah! from such fatal projects turn The wave-dividing keel.

The product of the furrow'd plain—
Transferr'd to foreign shores,
To pamper pride and please the vain
The reign of kings restores:
Hence, every vice the sail imports,
The glare of crowns, the pomp of courts,
And WAR, with all his crimson train!
Thus man design'd to till the ground,
A stranger to himself is found—
Is sent to toil on yonder wave,
Is made the dreary ocean's sport,
Since commerce first to avarice gave
To sail the ocean round.

How far more wise the grave chinese, Whome'er remotely stray, But bid the world surmount the seas And hard-earn'd tribute pay. Hence, treasure to their country flows. Freed from the danger, and the woes Of distant seas and dreary shores. There commerce breeds no foreign war; At home they find their wants supplied, And ask, why nations come so far To seek superfluous stores?

Americans! why half neglect
The culture of your soil?
From distant traffic why expect
The harvest of your toil?
At home a surer harvest springs
From mutual interchange of things,
Domestic duties to fulfil—
Vast lakes within your realm abound
Where commerce now expands her sail,
Where hostile navies are not found
To bend you to their will.

LINES

written in a french novel, Adelaide and Durv

Charm'd with her loves, attend ye blooming While Adelaide her tender story tells; She carly bent to love's despotic sway, Confess'd her flame, and gave to nature, way She saw—she loved; by custom uncontrol'd She to the swain her melting passion told: He awed by rules that love illegal made Fled from her fondness, and no love repaid. Where'er he fled, the amorous nymph pursue To jails, to dungeons, and to deserts rade:

Not awed by fame, nor heartless from despair, She had her all, if she but met him there. Such is the strength of leve's almighty sway That binds, controls, and-bids the world obey.

.ند.

HUMAN FRAILTY.

Disasters on disasters grow,

And those which are not sent, we make;
The good, we rarely find below
Or in the search, the road mistake.

The object of our fancied joys
With eager eye we keep in view:
Possession, when acquired, destroys
The object, and the passion too.

The hat that hid Belinda's hair
Was once the darling of her eye;
Tis now dismiss'd, she knows not where;
Is laid aside, she knows not why.

Life is to most a nauseous pill,

A treat for which they dearly pay:

Let's take the good, avoid the ill,

Discharge the debt, and walk away.

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THE HEROINE OF THE REVOLUTION.*

To the men in power.

Ye congress men and men of weight, Who fill the public chairs.

And many a favor have conferr'd On some, unknown to Mars:

And ye, who hold the post of fime, The helmsmen of our great affairs, Afford a calm, attentive ear

To her who handled sword and spear, A heroine in a bold career,

Assist a war-worn dame.

With the same vigorous soul inspired As Jo in of Arc. of old.

With zeal against the briton fired, Her spirit warm and bold She march'd to face her country's foes Disguised in male attire:

* On December 28, 1797, Deborah Gannet presented a petition to congress for a pension, in consideration of services rendered during the whole of the American Revolutionary war, in the rank of a common soldier in the regular armies of the United States. The above lines were written on this occasion, at the request of the heroine. It is needless to say, she had a competency bestow-

Where'er they prowl'd through field or town
With steady step she follow'd on;
Resolved the conflict to sustain,
She met them on the hill, the plain,
And hostile to the english reign,
She burl'd the blasting fire.

Now for such generous toils endured, Her day of warfare done, In life's decline at length reward This faithful amazon: She asks no thousands at your hands. Though mark'd with many a scar; She asks no share of indian lands, Though lands you have to spare:

But something in the wane of days
To make her snug, and keep her warm,
A cottage, and the cheery blaze,
To shield her from the storm;
And something to the pocket too,
Your bounty might afford,
Of her, who did our foes pursue
With bayonet, gun, and sword.

Reflect how many tender ties

A female must forego

Ere to the martial camp she flies

To meet the invading foe:

How many bars has nature placed,

And custom many more,

FRENEAU'S POEMS.

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Lest slighted woman should be graced With trophies gain'd in war. All these she nobly overcame, And scorn'd a censuring age, Join'd in the ranks, her road to fame, Despised the briton's rage; And men, who, with contracted mindy All arrogant, condemn And make disgrace in woman kind What honor is in them.

ON HAPPINESS,

as proceeding from the practice of virtue.

This truth, upon the soul impress'd, Has been by every age confess'd, That in the course of human things Felicity from virtue springs.

Where vice prevails, or baseness sways, Remorse and pain the fault repays, The man of vice has no resource, But even in pleasure finds a curse. If happiness can be sincere

A virtuous conduct makes it here,
That moral track to man assign'd

A transcript from the all-perfect mind.

Should virtue sometimes fail of bliss, Plunged in misfortune's dark abyss, Still, in the event she would not fall, But rise, triumphant o'er it all.

Should life's whole course replete with ill, To virtue prove a bitter pill; Another life has heaven design'd Where she her due rewards will find.

Nay, though through life perplex'd and pain'd And though no other life remain'd;
A life well spent itself would prove
A due reward from HIM above.

And to be conscious we have done The worthy part, though frown'd upon, Can every seeming ill destroy And grief and sadness change to joy.

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ON THE ABUSE OF HUMAN POWI

as exercised over opinion.

What human power shall dare to bind The mere opinions of the mind?
Must man at that tribunal bow
Which will no range to thought allow,
But his best powers would sway or sink,
And idly tells him what to THINK.

Yes! there are such, and such are taught
To fetter every power of thought;
To chain the mind, or bend it down
To some mean system of their own,
And make religion's sacred cause
Amenable to human laws.

Has human power the simplest claim
Our hearts to sway, our thoughts to tame;
Shall she the rights of heaven assert,
Can she to falsehood truth convert,
Or truth again to falsehoo' turn,
And at the test of reason spurn?

All human sense, all craft must fail

And all its strength will nought avail,

When it attempts with efforts blind To sway the independent mind, Its spring to break, its pride to awe, Or give to private judgment, law.

Oh impotent! and vile as vain,
They, who would native thought restrain!
As soon might they arrest the storm
Or take from fire the power to warm,
As man compel, by dint of might,
Old darkness to prefer to light.

No! leave the mind unchain'd and free, And what they ought, mankind will be, No hypocrite, no lurking fiend, No artist to some evil end, But good and great, benign and just, As God and nature made them first.

TO A NIGHT-FLY,

APPROACHING A CANDLE;

Attracted by the taper's rays, How carelessly you come to gaze On what absorbs you in its blaze ! O Fly! I bid you have a care: You do not beed the danger near; This light, to you a blazing star.

Already you have scorch'd your wings: What courage, or what folly brings
You, hovering near such blazing things?

Ah me! you touch this little sun——One circuit more and all is done!—
Now to the furnace you are gone!—

Thus folly with ambition join'd, Attracts the insects of mankind, And sways the superficial mind:

Thus, power has charms which all admire, But dangerous is that central fire—
If you are wise in time retire.——

ON THE DEPARTURE OF PETER PORT PINE, FOR ENGLAND,

A bird of night attends the sail That now towards us turns her tail With Porcupine, escaped from jail. O may the sharks enjoy their bait: He came such mischief to create
We wish him not a better fate.

This hero of the pension'd pen Has left our shores, and left his den To write at home for english men.

He writ, and writ, and writ so long*
That sheriff came, with writ more strong,
And he went off, and all went wrong.

May southern gales that vex the main, Or boreas, with his whistling train Make Peter howl and howl again.

I hear him screech, I hear him shout!— The storm has put his Rush light; out— I see him famish'd with sour crout.

[•] For several years he published newspapers, and other pensical works in Philadelphia which had a vast circulation; the whole scope and tendency of which was, as is well remembered, to render the republican institutions of this country contemptible, as well as odious to the people; and by discontenting them with their government, to open the way for the introduction of a momentical system. He was thought to be a pensioner of the empire given ment; but whether such or not, is uncertain.

A weekly pamphlet publication, in which the political as

FRENEAU'S POEMS.

May on the groaning vessel's side All Neptune's ruffian strength be try'd Till every seam is gaping wide.

And while the waves about him swell May not one triton blow the shell (A sign at sea of doing well):

But should be reach the british shore, (The land that englishmen adore) One trouble will be find and more:

His pen will run at such a rate, His malice so provoke the great, They soon will drive him out of date.

With broken heart and blanted pen He'll sink among the little men, Or scribble in some Newgate den.

Alack, alack! he might have stay'd And followed here the scribbling trade, And lived without the royal aid.

But democratic laws he hated, Our government he so be-rated That his own projects he defeated. He took his leave from Sandy-Hook, And parted with a surly look, That all observed and few mistook.

ODE TO GOOD FORTUNE.

Sic nos te, Celse feremus

Object of all, in every age
By prudent men adored,
By farmer, lawyer, sailor, sage,
Mechanic, beggar, lord:

Thou great first wish! well understood,
But not for all design'd;
Bestow'd alike on bad and good,
Since, fortune you are blind;

Who hold us in a doubtful state
To bear the human lot
And hiding hook within the bait,
Left free to bite or not.

What wise man tell us should be done
We scarce know how to do;
One tells me, not the world to shun,
One tells me, not pursue.

What money you, dear fortune, give
Let knaves not steal away,
For we, as well as they, must live,
And debts as surely pay.

Let not to one voracious maw
Thy dainty things be fed;
And we, while others beef-steaks gnaw,
Go supperless to bed.

Let not a proud, insulting band,
With gormandizing grin
Disperse starvation through the land,
And make us steal and sin.

Since we must eat, the means bestow The boarding-house to pay; If we must starve, then may we go Where work finds better pay.

Save us alike from pigeon-pye, Or stomach empty quite; Our cook will that, no doubt, deny, This would destroy outright.

Help us for hungry folk to feel
When hungry folk we see ;

May I with sharpers learn to deal As sharpers deal with me.

Lean though I am, yet firm and sound, (Since bones have been my fare) Direct me where fat pork is seen And apple-dumplings rare.

This day be bread and cheese my lot, With glass of apple wine; To morrow, if roast pigs, or not, Is no concern of mine.

O thou, whose frowns are no disgrace, But yet whose smiles I prize, Do, let me have some humble place, But not to grandeur rise———

ON A

BRATED PERFORMER ON THE VIOLIN,

is it was said, went out, in the year 1797, to excite ontents and insurrections in the nestern country, ticularly, in Ohio, Kentucky, and Tennessee.

Cusician of the west! whose vast design between our new states with England to combine;

How vain the hope, with violin and bow,
Such feeble arms, to work internal wo!
How weak the attempt our union to divide
With not a sword or pistol at your side!
Not even a drnm your engineer employs:—
He's right—a drum would blast the plot, by noise:
All must be done in midnight silence, all
Your plans must ripen or your projects fall.
Unknown, unseen, till in the destined hour
Descends the stroke of trans-atlantic power!

By music's note to sway the western wild Indeed is new;—we heard it and we smiled. In cold Becember's iron-hearted reign Would you with blushing blossoms deck the plain; Would you with sound immure the THIRTERN STARS, Or plant a garland on the front of Mars?

To sound, not sense, once brutes, they say, advanced, When Orpheus whistled, fauns and satyrs danced—You are no Orpheus—and it may be true He play'd some tunes that are unknown to you.

Hepes, such as yours, on cat-gut who would place; On tenor, treble, counter, or the bass:
Who arm'd with horse-hair, hopes a world to win Who gains dominion from a violin?
Such if there was, in times, the lord knows when, He must have been at least the first of men—But now—the world would have not much to priv In such a warfare where no soldier dies:
Thus would it say—by sad experience taught, 'Oh! may we never fight as these have fought

- These to the charge with Thespian arms advanced,
- And when they should have fought, the soldiers danced;
 - They had no drums, they felt no martial flame,
 - · But, cold as Christmas, to the conflict came !

My dreams present you thrumming on your string Playing at proper stands, God save the king!

I see you march, a pedlar with his pack,
And that poor fiddle swung athwart your back,
(Like Reynard from some hen-roost hurrying home With plunder'd poultry for the feast to come)

Trudging the wilds, on bold adventures bent,
The woods at once your coverlet and tent,
To fierce rebellions our back-woods to call—
The attempt how mighty! and the means how small:

Amphion once, the classic stories say,
When on his organ he began to play,
So soft, so sweet, so melting where his tunes
That even the savage rocks danced rigadoons,
The trees, themselves, with frantic passions fired
Leap'd from their roots and every note admired:
Quitting the spot, where many a year they grew
Quick to the music sprung the enchanted crew,
Form'd o'er his head a sun-repelling power
And bow'd their shadowy heads to music's power.

If what, this moment, some relate be true Still greater wonders are reserved for you. Your music, far, all Amphion's art exceeds, Not trees and reeks, but previous it leads:

FRENEAU'S POEMS.

All Alleghany capers to the sound, And southward moves to meet the iberian boun-Kentucky hears the soul-enlivening notes And on the artist and his music doats; Remote Sanduskie spreads her eager wings, And wild Miami with the concert rings: Tiptoe, for flight, stands every hill and tree From Huron's shores to savage Tennessee; Arthur St. Clair might soon its influence feel: But Arthur knows no music-but of steel: Arthur St. Clair attends, with listening ears. And when the purpose of your march appears, Such music only will excite his rage, He'll come, and drive you from your dancing sta Cut every string, the bridge, and sound-board se By your own cat-gut hang you to the trees, And bid you know, too late, It is no jest To play rebellion's music to the west.

REFLECTIONS

on doctor Perkins' metallic points, or tractors.*

Some think our planet hastens to decay, And dread to see it, with a head of grey,

* Doctor Perkins, author of a fanciful speculation, much t

(If head it has, as Fauctus try'd to prove
With power to think, and in its orbit move:
And some assert, we think, with too much heat;
It is a mighty animal, complete)
If old or young, then here one comfort lies,
The older it becomes, it grows more wise:
To this dull clod of earth no more confined,
Frarless we mount, and sail upon the wind;
Even females, now, to gay balloous suspended
Soar to the skies, and think their follies ended:
Your Blanchards to superior regions move,
And grow familiar with affairs above;
O'er seas and mountains steer the othereal course.
Heedless of sky-men, storms, or empty purse.

Magicians, chymists, all that night-cap train
Whose moon, too long, has sicken'd in her wane:
The age is come that gives them bac't to day,
And sufferings past shall past neglect repay.
On science bent, a modern, scheming race
All nature's movements to their centre trace;
In all her sports they see some wise design,
Her meanest ore they soften and refine,
By instant aid all human ills they cure,
Old age protract, or endless life secure;
All pains, all plagues, are by a touch relieved,
Death changed to life, and even the devil deceived.

PERKINS! what verse is equal to your praise Whose hocus-pocus from the dead can raise; Pains in the head, or ricketts in the joints.

**Ecaceforts shall yield to your metallic points:

Palsics and gonts shall at your mandate fly
As Satan does when holy water's nigh:
All colics, asthmas, all the dismal train
That Milton saw a lazar-house contain,*
All shall be heal'd when you, with tractors ke
Scratch, for the cure of ailments, through the
Thou Esculapius of a wondering age,
Machaon, Galen, Hippocratian sage,
Can we too much extol that daring art
That bids the doctor, with his drugs, depart:
No more with pills our stomachs shall be load
Doctors, behold your practice quite exploded
By one keen point of steel, and one of brass,
Boerhaave himself is proved t' have been an a

Fall sick who may, all potion, drug, or pill, Shall yield to Perkins, with superior skill; Not one, of all the esculapian race, Not one shall near us come, or take your plac By magic tractor, and its powerful aid We rise superior to the havoc made: Though fevers rage, if Perkins once you name He'll curb their fury and allay their flame.

Even mental ills shall cease at your approac Pride, vanity, and longings for a coach: If rightly stroked, some nymphs that we might n Who, shopping, pilfer without fear or shame, Shall, when your influence they are made to fe Forget the sad propensity, to steal:

[#] Scc Paradise Lost.

Conch'd by these magnets, dead men will revive, Dld bachelors for frisky widows strive; Maidens, averse to men, be taught to love, And wives, condemn'd as barren, fertile prove. Dulness itself shall quit the human brain And deafening scolds from Billingsgate abstain; And Shakspeare's play tho' plann'd to nature true, Has no such cure for Turning of the Shrew.

PUBLIUS TO POLLIA.

Supposed to have been written during a cruising expedition.*

If I escape the dangers of the main

And heaven restores me to your arms again,

This little poem is founded on, and the idea taken from a election of genuine letters that appeared several years ago, in me of the London Magazines, and that passed between the two haracters, Publius and Pollia.—Publius was, at the time, a first

No thought, ambitious, to increase my store Shall tempt me to the seas again for more.

But peaceful, happy in some rural shade
No storms to vex me, and no focs to dread,
To whispering zephyrs I would care resign
And feel thrice happy, in a love like thine:
A decent house, on rustic model plann'd,
In order kept by Margarita's hand;
A thrifty garden, next, should be my care,
A barn well garnish'd, and an orchard fair;
Books for instruction, or delight, design'd,
(Books may be call'd provision for the mind)
My private room should usefully adorn,
And study be the employment of the morn;
Justly, indeed, may they be counted sage,
Who by the dead inform'd, digest their page.

A stock of wine, the heart of man to cheer,
Should grace my vaults—with cycler sound and clea
Jamaica's best, and home-brew'd bottled beer:
Nor should these blessings indiscreetly flow,
Which meanly used, become a dangerous foe;
But when the neighboring parson, or the squire
On visits come, to smoke beside my fire,
Or, when the sun's more cheering rays delight;
And western winds and shady trees invite,

lieutenant of a british ship of war, and afterwards well known be the celebrated capt. Edward Thomson. The nymph had b residence at, or near Portsmouth, in England.

In sweet retreat and social converse warm, An extra bottle could not do us harm; And, such are the resistless charms of wit, Where reason guides and friendly tempers hit, Tis not mere Bacchus tempts to a delay, But wit, enchanting wit, prolongs our stay.

When from the unsocial sea return'd once more, I meet the pilot near the long-lost shore
Soon shall your swain to woodland haunts retire
And the wild music of the groves admire,
Early, in summer, tread the morning dew,
And be supremely blest, if blest with you.

Why did I leave your fond, your kind embrace
To wander with this absent thoughtless race,
This nautic tribe, who far from country roam,
And scarce a day enjoy the charms of home!
No cares had I, but you those cares repaid,
Calm was my sleep, and quict every shade:
To all my griefs my Pollia lent a sigh,
To all I said I met a kind reply;
Heaven smiled benignant, nature breathed her sweets,

Nor war, nor tumult knew these blest retreats!

To rural haunts return'd, ah! how could I
The unwonted labors of a rustic try?—
Some acts, even there, stern reason deems amiss,
That cloud the picture of romantic bliss:
How could I, tender to the fleecy kind
In their last gasp a selfish interest find?

FRENEAU'S POEMS.

The stately ox, intended for the plough,
Shall his bold front to me, his murderer bow?—
Is this the base reward for all his pain
Who turn'd the glebe and multiplied the grain.
Oh man ungrateful, who the weapon rears—
Confess thy shame, and give a vent to tears!
O man ungenerous! where's thy reason fled,
Is pity vanish'd or compassion dead!
Far be from me, and mine, these scenes of blood,
To seize from nature such unlicensed food.
The fleecy kind, whose grateful vestments warm,
All innocent, who mean or know no harm;
The wakeful bird, that hails the approach of day,
All, all to insatiate passion fall a prey,

That cural life, which I yet distant view. With how much ardor does my soul pursue! Lured by the pleasures I may hope to find, What wild ideas rush upon my mind! Far from the arms of all that's dear and fair, On barren seas I sail, a slave to care; No blossoms here their grateful odors shed, Here trees are masts, and sails for leaves are spread No shrnbs, no tlowers in blushing bloom dispense. Their charming fragrance on my ravish'd sense. Nature, indeed, is grand and awful here, But nature still—and still she prompts my fear.

O, Pollia, write me—watch the parting sail
And trust my heaven, your letters—to the gale:
To nature trust—her breeze will waft it sure,

With artful hand her painted scenes she drew, But with most art when she created you:

Wise are her works, and prudent every plan; But, sure, she meant not these abodes for man, Who, courting danger, born to be unblest, Disdains the cottage, and sweet haunts of rest, Tempts polar seas, and dares the Iceland gale, Prepared to strike the hyperborean whale, Or, slave to monarchs, quits th' attractive land For the sad honors of a sea command.

THE

SERIOUS MENACE;

OR

BOTANY BAY AND NOOTKA SOUND:

f ANSWER TO THE COMMINATIONS OF A PERSECUTING BOYALIST.

> Last week we heard a king's man say, Do tell me where is Botany Bay? There are, quoth he, a meddling fen, That shall go there—and we know who.

This Botany Bay is in an isle Removed from us twelve thousand mile, There rogues are banish'd, to atone For roguish things in England done.

Ye vultures, here on sufferance fed, Who curse the hand that gives you bread, Recall your threats, or, by the way, You'll find us act a serious play.

The haughty prince that England owns, To make more room for royal sons, Has given the hint, I would suspect— And are you one of his ELECT?

Ye busy tribe, of harpy face, In search of power, in search of place, Ye rancorous hearts, who build your all On royal wrongs and freedom's fall,

This have we seen, and well we know, Each son of freedom is your foe, And these you would, unneard, convey To places worse than Botany Bay.

Be cautious how you talk so loud— Above your heads there hangs a cloud, That, bursting with explosion vast, May scatter vengeance in its blast; And send you all, on th' devil's dray, A longer road than—Botany Bay. Another threat alarm'd us much—
(Indeed, we hourly meet with such)—
A cockney said, but spoke it low,
For fear the street his mind should know:
"And is there no sedition act?
("Tis almost time to doubt the fact,)
"By which this gabbling crew are bound
"The nearest way to Nootka Sound?"
Can you but smile!—who would have thought
That they who writ, who march'd, who fought
For many a year, and little got
But liberty, and dearly bought

Must now away
With half their pay,
And seek on ocean's utmost bound
Their chance to starve at Nootka Sound!

This Nootka Sound, so far remote,
Would make us sing a serious note,
If it be true what travellers tell
That there a race of natives dwell
Who, when they would their brethren treat
And give them a regale of meat
Unchain their prisoners from the den,
And scrape the bones of bearded men.

God save us from so hard a fate!

As to be spitted, soon or late;
It is a lot that few admire—
So let us for a while retire;
And live to see some traitors drown'd
!! the deepest swash of Nootka Sound,

ON THE

UNIFORMITY AND PERFECTION

OF

NATURE.

On one fix'd point all nature moves, Nor deviates from the track she loves; Her system, drawn from reason's source, She scorns to change her wouted course.

Could she descend from that great plan To work unusual things for man, To suit the insect of an hour— This would betray a want of power,

Unsettled in its first design And erring, when it did combine The parts that form the vast machine, The figures sketch'd on nature's scene.

Perfections of the great first cause Submit to no contracted laws, But all-sufficient, all-supreme, Include no trivial views in them. Who looks through nature with an eye That would the scheme of heaven descry, Observes her constant, still the same, In all her laws, through all her frame.

No imperfection can be found In all that is, above, around,— · All, nature made, in reason's sight Is order all, and all is right.

TRANSLATION OF GRAY'S ODE,

Written at the grand Chartreuse.*

O tu severi Relligio loci !-- &c.

Thou genius of this sacred place Who'er thou art, a hand I trace In all around, a power supreme That rears the woods, propels the stream:

A god is seen where'er I rove
Among the rocks, as through the grove:

The residence of a religious society of monks on the summit e of the Alpine mountains, in Savoy.



FRENEAU'S POEMS.

The mountain cliffs declare him nigh, The torrents tumbling from the sky;

All these proclaim almighty power:
These pointed rocks, that o'er me tower;
More of a deity impart
Than all the sculptured temple's art.

O come! and let my weatied mind, My toilsome steps that solace find Retirement gives: in life's decay Let scenes, like these, my toils repay.

Should fortune still my wish deny,
If doom'd once more the world to try,
At least, attend my humble prayer
And let me this retirement share.

Where noisy crowds, or party rage Can with my peace no warfare wage, But leave me safe, and leave me free From courts, and life's anxiety.——

OCTOBER'S ADDRESS.

October came the thirtieth day: And thus I heard October say;

"The lengthening nights and shortening days
Have brought the year towards a close,
The oak a leafless bough displays
And all is hastening to repose;
To make the most of what remains
Is now to take the greater pains.

- "An orange hue the grove assumes,
 The indian-summer-days appear;
 When that deceitful summer comes
 Be sure to hail the winter near:
 If autumn wears a mourning coat
 Be sure, to keep the mind afloat.
- "The flowers have dropt, their blooms are gone,
 The herbage is no longer green;
 The birds are to their haunts withdrawn,
 The leaves are scatter'd through the plain;
 The sun approaches Capricorn.
 And man and creature looks forlora.
 - "Amidst a scene of such a cast, The driving sleet, or falling snow,

The sullen cloud, the northern blast,
What have you left for comfort now,
When all is dead, or seems to die
That cheer'd the heart or charm'd the eye

** To meet the scene, and it arrives, (A scene that will in time retire)
Enjoy the pine—while that remains
You need not want the winter fire.
It rose unask'd for, from the plain,
And when consumed, will rise again.

"Enjoy the glass, enjoy the board,
Nor discontent with fate betray,
Enjoy what reason will afford,
Nor disregard what females say;
Their chat will pass away the time,
When out of cash or out of rhyme.

"The cottage warm and cheerful heart
Will cheat the stormy winter night,
Will bid the glooms of care depart
And to December give delight."
Thus spoke October—rather gay,
Then seized his staff, and walk'd away.

ON THE

VERSALITY AND OTHER ATTRIBUTES

OF THE

GOD OF NATURE.

All that we see, about, abroad, What is it all, but nature's God? In meaner works discover'd here No less than in the starry sphere.

In seas, on earth, this God is seen;
All that exist, upon him lean;
He lives in all, and never stray'd
A moment from the works he made;

His system fix'd on general laws Bespeaks a wise creating cause; Impartially he rules mankind, And all that on this globe we find.

Unchanged in all that seems to change, Unbounded space is his great range; To one vast purpose always true, No time, with him, is old or new.

PRENEAU'S POEMS.

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In all the attributes divine
Unlimited perfections shine;
In these enwrapt, in these complete,
All virtues in that centre meet.

This power who doth all powers transcend,
To all intelligence a friend,
Exists, the greatest and the best *
Throughout all worlds, to make them blest.

All that he did he first approved He all things into being loved; O'er all he made he still presides, For them in life, or death provides.

STANZAS

TO AN ALIEN, WHO AFTER A SERIES OF PERSECUTIONS
EMIGRATED TO THE SOUTH WESTERN COUNTRY.

-1799.-

Remote, beneath a sultry star **
Where Mississippi flows afar **
I see you rambling, God knows where.

_____ Tanitar antiques maximus ____clares

Sometimes, beneath a cypress bough When met in dreams, with spirits low, I long to tell you what I know.

How matters go, in this our day, When monarchy renews her sway, And royalty begins her play.

I thought you wrong to come so far Till you had seen our western star Above the mists ascended clear.

I thought you right, to speed your sails-If you were fond of loathsome jails, And justice with uneven scales.

And so you came and spoke too free And soon they made you bend the knee, And lodged you under lock and key.

Discharged at last, you made your peace With all you had, and left the place With empty purse and meagre face.—

You sped your way to other climes And left me here to teaze with rhymes The worst of men in worst of times.

Where you are gone the soil is free And freedom sings from every tree, "Come quit the crowd and live with me!"



FRENEAU'S POEMS.

Where I must stay, no joys are found; Excisemen haunt the hateful ground, And chains are forged for all around.

The scheming men, with brazen throat. Would set a murdering tribe affoat. To hang you for the lines you wrote,

If you are safe beyond their rage Thank heaven, and not our ruling sage, Who shops us up in jail and cage.

Perdition seize that odious race Who, aiming at distinguish'd place, Would life and liberty efface;

With iron rod would rule the ball And, at their shrine, debase us all, Bid devils rise and angels fall.

Oh wish them ill, and wish them long To be as usual in the wrong In scheming for a chain too strong.

So will the happy time arrive When coming home, if then alive, You'll see them to the devil drive. ON

A PROPOSED NEGOTIATION

E THE FRENCH REPUBLIC, AND POLITICAL RE-FORMATION-1799.

Thus to the verge of battle brought Reflection lends a happy thought, Agrees, half way, the gaul to meet, Prepared to fight him or to treat.

Fatigued with long oppression's reign, Tis time to break oppression's chain; One gem we ravish'd from one crest Aud time, perhaps, will take the rest,

The revolutions of this age (To swell the late historian's page) Are but old prospects drawing near, The out-set of a new career.

What Plato saw, in ages fled, What Solon to the athenians said, What fired the british Sidney's page, The Solon of a modern age,

FRENEAU'S POEMS.

Is now unfolding to our view;
A system liberal, great, and new,
Which from a long experience springs
And bodes a better course of things.

And will these STATES, whose beam ascends.
On whose resolve so much depends;
Will these, whose Washington, or Greene,
Gave motion to the vast machine;

Will these be torpid, careless found To help the mighty wheel go round; These, who began the immortal strife, And liberty prefer'd to life.

If not the cause of France we aid
Yet never should the word be said
That we, to royal patrons prone,
Made not the cause of man our own,

Could Britain here renew her sway,
And we a servile homige pay,
The coming age, too proud to yield,
Would drive her myriads from the field.

Time will mature the mighty scheme,
We build on no platonic dream;
The light of truth shall shine again,
And save the democratic reign.

ON THE

RELIGION OF NATURE.

The power, that gives with liberal hand
The blessings man enjoys, while here,
And scatters through a smiling land
The abundant products of the year;
That power of nature, ever bless'd,
Bestow'd religion with the rest.

Born with ourselves, her early sway
Inclines the tender mind to take
The path of right, fair virtue's way
Its own felicity to make.
This universally extends
And leads to no mysterious ends.

Religion, such as nature taught,
With all divine perfection suits;
Had all mankind this system sought
Sophists would cease their vain disputes,
And from this source would nations know
All that can make their heaven below.

Phis deals not curses to mankind, Or dooms them to perpetual grief,

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FRENEAU'S POEMS.

If from its aid no joys they find,
It damns them not for unbelief;
Upon a more exalted plan
Creatress nature dealt with man—

Joy to the day, when all agree
On such grand systems to proceed,
From fraud, design, and error free,
And which to truth and goodness lead:
Then persecution will retreat
And man's religion be complete.

ON THE

INVASION OF ROME,

IN 1796.

Lo! to the gates of long forgotten Rome Active as flame, the gallic legions come, While pale with fear to their despotic waster On shorten'd wing the austrian army hastes.

Where, consecrated to the pagan god The silent vestal graced his dark abode,

Where Cæsars, once, in awful grandeur reign'd, Or, Vandals ruin'd what of Rome remain'd, Or where, excresence of a later age, The mitred pontiff trod religion's stage, There march the heroic bands that bring defeat, Or bring reform on superstition's seat.

And may their march to honor's purpose tend / May each new conquest all the past transcend, Still may those hosts their first great plan pursue, And honor, freedom, virtue keep in view. Thus taught; and still propitious heaven their trust. All past mis-rule shall crumble to the dust. Nor will saint Peter, more, their cause regard. Lost are his keys and every gate unbarr'd, No sacred reliques from some saintly grave. No saint Sebastian shall from ruin save: All, all must yield; submissive to the dart Of Gaul's firm legions led by Bonaparte, Who, sent by heaven, to Rome's disastrous walls Lond and more loud for his last victim calls; While superstition's dark inveterate train Turns pale, and sickens at their blasted reign, And hosts reviving, round the standard throng, Exult, and wonder how they slept so long.

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ON THE

ROYAL COALITION AGAINST REPUB-LICAN LIBERTY.

Emperors and kings! in vain you strive To keep the royal scheme alive; The age is come that shakes your thrones And packs you up among dry bones.

The power that bids the sceptre fail, In 'lowing bowls this day we hail: We saw a band of kings unite, We saw, and guess'd that all was right:

That native strength and native fire
Would bid the butchering tribe retire,
Would hurl them back among their slaves
To hide in pits or skulk in graves.—

In these new STATES the flame began, From thence to France it kindling ran, And freedom's fires now find their way Through Europe, like the solar ray.

Tis this that hurls all despots low,

When thoughtless man at 'ast has found What laws have crush'd him to the ground.

Thou gallic genius! urge the chase
Till what is call'd the ruling race
Have changed their note, or learn'd to reign—
By laws that reason may explain.

We can no royal homage pay,
Nor own hereditary sway:
Where birth-right sole dominion gave,
There, man was born to be a slave.

So. le' these 'yran's coalesce
'Till reason's rules all wrongs redress,
And nature's laws to man unfold
The station he was born to hold.

We grieve to see them thus debased, Such burthens on their shoulders placed, Such demons busy on the scene To keep them down and make them mean.

How could they rise, when lords and kings At ouce conspired to clip their wings, When every art, that vice can find Is practised, to pervert the mind.

O creatures of untoward fate,
O kings, who must reform, though late,
Lay wars, and wrath and strife aside,
Let reason be your only guide.

FRENEAU'S POEMS.

Look at the structure of the brain,
That something which commands within
And be convinced that so much art
Was meant to guide and sway the heart.

Alas! alas! what broken bones, What falling crowns, demolish'd thrones O'es the scorch'd plain the cannon plays And thousands perish in the blaze.

Here (will some pensive traveller say) Here reign'd the despot of a day; Here slaves stood crouching, to adore, But wear the royal-badge no more!

ODE

FOR JULY THE FOURTH-1799.

Once more, our annual debt to pay We meet on this auspicious day That will, through every coming age, Columbia's patriot sons engage. From this fair day we date the birth, Of freedom's reign, restored to earth, And millions learn, too long depraved, How to be govern'd, not enslaved,

Thou source of every true delight
Fair peace, extend thy sway,
While to thy temple we invite
All nations on this day.

O dire effects of tyrant power! How have ye darken'd every hour, And made those hours embitter'd flow That nature meant for joys below.

With sceptred pride, and brow of awe Oppression gave the world her law, And man, who should such law disdain, Resign'd to her maliguant reign.

Here on our quiet native coast

No more we dread the warring host

That once alarm'd, when Britain rose,
And made Columbia's sons her foes.

Parent of every cruel art
That stains the soul, that steels the heart,
Fierce war, with all thy bleeding band,
Molest no more this rising land.

May thy loud din be changed for peace, All human we and warfare cease,

FRENEAU'S POEMS.

And nations sheath the sword again To find a long, pacific reign.

Soon may all tyrants disappear And man to man be less severe; The ties of love more firmly bind, Not fetters, that enchain mankind.

But virtue must her strength maintain, Or short, too short, is freedom's reign, And, if her precepts we despise, Tyrants and kings again will rise.

No more an angry, plundering race, May man in every clime embrace, And we on this remoter shore, Exult in bloody wars no more.

On this returning annual day
May we to heaven our homage pay,
Huppy, that here the time's began
That made mankind the friend of man!

THE REWARD OF INNOCENCE.

Could beauty, virtue, innocence, and love Some spirits soften, or some bosoms move.

If native worth, with every charm combined,
Had power to melt the savage in the mind,
Thou, injured ELMA, had not fallen a prey
To ficree revenge, that seized thy life away;
Nor through the glooms of conscious night been led
To find a funeral for a nuptial bed,
When by the power of midnight fiends you fell,
Plunged in the abyss of Manhattan-well.

Detested pit, may other times agree
With swelling mounds of earth to cover thee,
And hide the place, in whose obscure retreat
Some miscreant made his base design complete.

*Gulielma Sands—the unfortunate event alluded to in these nes took place within a mile of the suburbs of New-York in 302. She was an amiable young woman of the quaker, or iends society, and fell a victim, it was supposed, to the jealousy 'two lovers; having been carried from her home in a winter's ning in a sleigh, under some pretence, or persuasion, and thrown a well of water, where she was soon afterwards found dead, a mangled condition, and appeared to have been beaten and sised in an inhuman manner, previously to her death. A sevelegal investigation took place, but no discovery, as to the standard of the murder could be made, nor has the perpetrator thereto discovered.

Thus, with oblivion's wings to cover o'er
The spot which memory should preserve no more

Murderer, though safe from legal vengean placed

There is a power that has thy footsteps traced, 'There is a power the vestige to pursue, Detect your crime, and the dark deed review, Make life a burthen, every hour unblest, And shed remorse through your tormented breast. The mangled form in horrid dreams will come Reproach the deed and antedate your doom, Haunt all your walks, where'er you go, attend, And scourge the murderer to his journey's end.

Go where you may, your steps, wherever foun Your steps imprint dishonor on the ground Give all the stain that innate baseness can And prostrate all the dignity of man:
Haste to the shadows of the antarctic pole And with you take the shadows of the soul, Where'er you halt, no doubt a curse will wait, And plagues impend, and feuds, and rancorous hate The heavens in black, the skies with clouds will lot And angry nature round your hovel roar.

Retire forever from the abodes of men,
And howl with wolves, base brethren of the den
Turn'd out an exile from the human race,
Yourself the accuser, and their worst disgrace.
While soul, or conscience, to reflect remains
Not one calm hour shall mitigate your prace.

ON THE

EVILS OF HUMAN LIFEA

To him who rules the starry spheres,
No evil in his works appears:
Man with a different eye, surveys,
The incidents in nature's maze:
And all that brings him care or pain
He ranks among misfortune's train.

The ills that God, or nature, deal,
The ills we hourly see, or feel,
The sense of wretchedness and wo
To man may be sincerely so;
And yet these springs of tears and sighs
Be heaven's best blessings in disguise.

Some favorite late, in anguish lay
And agonized his life away:
You grieved—to be consoled, refused,
And heaven itself almost accused
Of cruelty, that could dispense
Such tortures to such innocence.

Could you but lift the dreary veil,

And see with eyes or mind less frail

The secrets of the world to come, You would not thus bewail his doom, To find on some more happy coast More blessings, far, than all he lost.

The seeming ills on life that wait
And mingle with our best estate,
Misfortune on misfortune grown,
And heaviest most, when most alone;
Calamities, and heart oppress'd—
These all attend us, for the best.

Learn hence, ye mournful, tearful race On a sure ground your hope, to place Immutable are nature's laws; And hence the soul her comfort draws That all the God allots to man Proceeds on one unerring plan.

Hold to the moral system, true,
And heaven will always be in view:
O man! by heaven this law was taugh
To reconcile you to your lot,
To be your friend, when friendship fa
And nature a new being hails.

THE SCURRILOUS SCRIBE.

All this proceeds from nature's fret By reason not corrected yet; As soon might bears forbear to fight, Or wolves resign the power to bite.

His soul extracted from the public sink; For discord both he splasht around his ink; In scandal foremost, as by scandal fed, He hourly rakes the ashes of the dead.

Secure from him no traveller walks the streets, His malice sees a foe in all he meets; With dark design he treads his daily rounds, Kills where he can, and where he cannot, wounds.

Nature to him her stings of rancor gave To shed, unseen, the venom of a knave; She gave him cunning, every treacherous art, She gave him all things but an upright heart:

And one thing more—she gave him but the pen, No power to hurt, not even the brass of men, Whose breast though furies with their passion's rule Yet laugh at satire, pointed by a fool.

FRENEAU'S POEMS.

Was there no world but ours to give you room?

No Patagonia, for your savage home,
No region, where antarctic oceans roll,
No icy island, neighboring to the pole.

By dark suspicion led, you aim at all Who will not to your sceptred idol fall; To work their ruin, every baseness try, First envy, next abuse us, then belie.

Such is your sketch! and thus awhile go on, Your shafts rebound, and, yet, have injured none: Hurt who they will, let who will injured be, The sons of smut and scandal hurt not me.

TO THE

SCRIBE OF SCRIBES.

By the gods of the poets, Apollo and Jove, By the muse who directs me the spirits that me I council you, P ter once more, to retire Or satire shall pierce, with her arrows of five, Be careful to stop in your noisy career, Or homeward retreat, for your danger is near: The clouds are collecting to burst on your head, Their sulphur to dart, or their torrents to shed.

Along with the tears, I foresee you will weep, In the cave of oblivion I put you to sleep;— This dealer in scandal, this bladder of gall, This sprig of Parnassus must go to the wall.

From a star of renown in the reign of the night
He is dwindled away to a little rush-light:
Then snuff it, and snuff it, while yet it remains
And PETER will leave you the snuff for your pains—

BELIEF AND UNBELIEF:

UMBLY RECOMMENDED TO THE SERIOUS CONSIDERATION OF CREED MAKERS.

What some believe, and would enforce Without reluctance or remorse,
Perhaps another may decry,
Or out a fraud, or doom a fig.

Must he for that be doom'd to bleed, And fall a martyr to some creed, By hypocrites or tyrants framed, By reason damn'd, by truth disclaim'd

On mere belief no merit rests, As unbelief no guilt attests: Belief, if not absurd and blind, Is but conviction of the mind,

Nor can conviction bind the heart Till evidence has done its part: And, when that evidence is clear, Belief is just, and truth is near.

In evidence, belief is found;
Without it, none are fairly bound
To yield assent, or homage pay
To what confederate worlds might sa;

They who extort belief from man Should, in the out-set of their plan, Exhibit, like the mid-day sun An evidence denied by none.

From this great point, o'erlook'd or n Still, unbelievers will exist; And just their plea; for how absurd For evidence, to take your word!

Not to believe, I therefore hold The right of man, all uncontrol'd By all the powers of human wit, What kings have done, or sages writ;

Not criminal in any view, Nor—man!—to be avenged by you, Till evidence of strongest kind Constrains assent, and clears the mind.

THE REPUBLICAN FESTIVAL:

COMPLIMENT TO COLONEL MUNROE, ON HIS RETURN TO AMERICA, 1797.

As late at a feast that she gave to MUNROE, Her mark of attention to show, Young liberty gave her libations to flow, To honor where honor is due.

Return'd from the country that trampled on crowns
Where high in opinion he stood,
Dark malice attack'd him, with sneers, and with
frowns,

But he met the applause of the good.

To the knight of the sceptre unwelcome he denote But freedom his merit confess'd—
He look'd at their malice, and saw it was fan
And pity forgave them the rest.

Good humor, and pleasure, and friendship di And reason the pleasure increased; And the hero, who captured the british Bu Presided and honor'd the feast.

On a broomstick from hell, with a quill in his
Baal-Zephou came riding the air;
He look'd, and he saw that among the whole
Not a single apostate was there.

Disappointed, he sigh'd, but still hover'd abo
Till the toasts, with a vengeance, began—
He met the first four; when the next they gav
To his cavern he fled back again.

In liberty's temple, the petulant cur
Could see not a man but he hates;
With a curse on her cause, and a sneer, and
He sled from the frown of a gates.

^{*} Public censure, arm'd with the spear of Ithurial: ma cover the demons of tyranny, wherever they lurk, and them to their native obscurity.

BUSANNA'S TOMB.

Susan deceased! regretted name! Beneath the turf you still may claim The fond regard that long was paid When you along the valley play'd:

Susan whose life was but a span, Whose circles just ten summers ran; Who now shall me€t that smile of thine, The image once supposed divine.

Ten summers pass'd! and then to fade!

And find the damps of nature's shade,
Where all is silent—all is gloom,
And changed the parlor for the tomb!

Return'd from far Madeira's isle,

I thought to meet the expected smile—
That smile I find forever fled,

For all is serious with the dead.

This las abode to adorn, review,
To walk the soil that covers you,
Be this my care: with heart of gloom
To plant the trees that shade the tomb.

And here the village maids shall bring The earliest daughters of the spring: Near you to plant the fairest flowers They rob Rosina's sweetest bowers

Remembering all you said, with tears, And what was promised to your years, Here, as they quit you, or return, They trace the angel in the urn, And every year their visit pay To deck the sod that hides your clay.

ON THE WAR PATRONS, 1798,

Weary of peace, and warm for war, Who first will mount the iron car? Who first appear, to shield the STARS, Who foremost, take the field of Mars? For death and blood, with bold design, Who bids a hundred legions join?

To see invasions in the air
From France, the moon, or heaven kno
where;

In freedom's mouth to fix the gag, And aid afford t' a wither'd hag; This is the purpose of a few; But this we see will scarcely da. Who bears the brunt, or pays the bill? The friends of war alone can tell:
Observe, six thousand heroes stand
With not three privates to command;
No matter for the nation's debt
If some can wear the epaulette.

If reason no attention finds,
What magic shall unite all minds?
If war a patronage ensures
That fifty thousand men procures,
Is such a force to humble France?
Will these against her arms advance?
To fight her legions, near the Rhine,
Or England's force in Holland join?

In dreams, that on the brain intrude, When nature takes her sleepy mood, And when she frolics through the mind, By sovereign reason unconfined. When her main spring is all uncoil'd And fancy acts in whimsy wild-I saw a chieftain, cap-a-pee, Arm'd for the battle-who but he ?-I saw him draw his rusty sword, A present from a London lord: The point was blunt, the edge too dull I deem'd to cleave a dutchman's scull : And with this sword he made advance. And with this sword he struck at France-This sword return'd without its sheath, Too weak to cause a single death :

And there he found his work complete, And then he made a safe retreat, Where folly finds the camp of rest And patience learns to do her best.

What next, will policy contrive
To bid the days of war arrive:
Is there no way to pick a quarrel,
And deck the martial brow with laurel \{
Is there no way to coax a fight
And gratify some men of might ?

To some, who sit at helm of state, State-business is no killing weight, They sign their names, inquire the news Look wise.—take care to get their dues At levees, note down who attends-And there the mighty business ends: · To some that deal in state-affairs The world comes easy, with its cares; To some who wish for crown and king. A quarrel is a charming thing: They, seated at the fountain head Quaff bowls of nectar. and are fed With all the dainties of the land That cash, or market may command: But others doom'd to station low. Their choicest draughts are but-so, so. Hard knocks are theirs, and blood, and w Ten thousand thumps for twenty pound Their youth they sell for paltry pay For six pence, and six kicks a day,

A pound of pork and rotten bread, A coat lapell'd, with badge of red; A life of din from year to year, And thus concludes the mad career.

Ye rising race, consider well
What has been read, or what we tell.
From wars all regal mischiefs flow,
And kings make wars a raree-show,
A business to their post assign'd
To torture, damn, enslave mankind.
For this, of old, did priests anoint 'em,
Be ours the task to disappoint 'em.

But when a foe your soil invades,
A soldier is the first of trades;
Then, every step a soldier takes,
Reflection in his breast awakes,
That duty calls him to the field
Till all invaders are expell'd;
That honor sends him to the fight,
That he is acting what is right,
To guard the soil, and all that's dear,
From such as would be tyrants here.

ON HEARING

A POLITICAL ORATION,

Superficially composed on an important subject.

Sound without sense, and words devoid of force, Through which no art could find a clue, And mean, and shackling was the whole discours That kept me, TULLY, long from you.

Heads of harangues, to heads less general, split, Seem'd like small laths, cleft from some heavy I heard the inference, that no object hit— All congelation, vapor, smoke, or fog.

And what avail'd the argument unsound
That nothing proved, or on the expecting min
Forced no conviction—just as well might sound
To the deaf'ear with sentiments abound.

Long did we wait for application time
To find what sense or reason might apply:—
It came—attended with the false sublime,
And thread-bare truths, no mortal could deny.

Repeated thoughts, and periods of a mile, Remarks, devoid of dignity or power,

Exploded notions, dress'd in brilliant style,
Exhausted patience, and consumed the hour.

Thus when of old some town some folks besieged, Before the walls the invader sat him down, While those who mann'd them, at their foes enraged, Threw many a load of ancient lumber down;

And wore them out, with tumbling on their heads
Bricks, tiles, and paving-stones, huge logs of timber,
Pump-water, cold or boiling, shovels, spades,—
And more, by far, than you or I remember.

Ah, speaker! with artillery like your own
Hard will it be one Federal to awake,
Trust me, although you scold, and chafe, and frown,
You may besiege, but are not like to take
Their three wall'd town.

ON THE PROPOSED SYSTEM OF

STATE CONSOLIDATION, &c.

about 1799.

In thoughtless hour some much misguided men, And more, who held a prostituted pen, From monstrous creeds a monstrous system drew, That every state into one kettle threw, And boil'd them up until the goodly mass Might for a kingdom, or a something, pass. In the gay circle of saint James's placed, From thence, no doubt, this modest plan they Smit with the splendor that surrounds a king, Too many sigh'd, and wish'd to be that thing. Thence came a book (where came it but from the Made up of all things but a grain of sense. Lawyers and counsellors echo'd back the note And lying journals praised the trash they wro

Though british armies could not long preva Yet british politics may turn the scale: In ten short years, of freedom weary grown, The state, republic, sickens for a throne; Senates and sycophants a pattern bring A mere disguise for parliament and king. A pensioned army! whence a plan so base?—A despot's safety, liberty's disgrace. What saved these states from Britain's wastin Who but the generous rustics of the land, A free-born race, inured to every toil, Who clear the forest and subdue the soil? They tyrants banish'd from this injured shore And home-bred traitors may expel once more

Ye, who have propp'd the venerated cause Who freedom honor'd, and sustain'd her law When thirteen states are moulded into one, Your rights are vanish'd and your glory gone The form of freedom will alone remain—

Rome had her senate when she hugg'd her ch

o revise our system,—not to change,
madness that whole system to derange,
dments, only, was the plan in view,
corn amendments, and destroy it too.
much deceived! would heroes of renown
te for themselves, and pull the fabric down,
tits place Columbia's column rise
bed with these sad words—Here freedom lies!

STANZAS

ON A

POLITICAL PROJECTOR,

AS MAKING INTEREST, TO BE EMPLOYED ON AK EMBASSY TO CONSTANTINOPLE.

When Goody held him on her knee She vow'd that she could plainly see The boy ambassador would be.

But to what court, or when, or where She could not certainly declare, But said, it would be something rare. The mother pleased we may suppose, Then told the nurse, (the story goes) That nurse, for this, should nothing lose;

Nay, if it happ'd, when time came round, The prophecy was genuine found That nurse should have—full twenty pound.

The prophecy had been fulfill'd, The envoy to the *Porte* has sail'd And old Constantine's city hail'd.

There to have put a turban on And copied Muli-Melech's gown,
And drove his coach through Turkey town.

But some, who were our envoy's foes Thought wrong an envoy should be chose, Who could not see beyond his nose.

And so this man of fair renown
Who would have sail'd to Turkey town
At prudent distance sate him down.

With Selima to have no route !—
'A disappointment, this, no doubt,
That sour'd his stomach, like sour-crout.

Old Sestos and Scamander he
At public charge, will never see,
Nor will he bend at Achmet's knee.

Nor shall he Priam's kingdom greet, The fields, where Hector met defeat, Or where the grecians moor'd their fleet;

Nor Tenedos, that fatal isle, Where famed Achilles staid awhile The trojan armies to beguile:

Nor yet the straits of Dardanelle, Where formerly, old stories tell, Leander met his phrygian belle,

All those the squire will miss and more,
To come, and see his native shore,
—And hawk and spit on senate floor.

NATURE'S DEBT.

ife is the principal, by nature lent,
Which must be paid when she demands her due,
lith interest fix'd at different rates per cent
Which interest is, the troubles we go through
lith here we stay in this frail tenement.

his principal or soon or late is paid, But nature is a creditor severe, For in her jail the debtor still is laid
Though he has satisfied her full arrear;
How should they satisfy, where money's none,
Device, nor art; no science, toil or trade,
Where all is drowsy, and old time rolls on
Useless and idle to the prisoner made.

There, turn-key never will unlock the door,
There, no insolvent acts will ever come;
Ten thousand years, and twice ten thousand more
Will roll away, nor meliorate their doom.
And here one maxim, that the world holds true,
Proves false—that prisons rarely pay what's due.
None can deny, or have denied it yet
That prison, call'd the grave, pays nature's debt.

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

To shun reflection on the seasons past
The finish'd circle of the closing year,
A jovial crew, chill'd by December's blast,
Collect to drink away its funeral here.
But why, thus joyous to a funeral come
Array'd in christmas coat, with dance and some
Why not some emblematic garb assume,
Why not with solemn hymns the hours prolong

Simon, amidst the folly of the night,
This general tumult, wild excess of mirth!
We much admire, that you, grey-headed wight,
Who soon must mingle with the clods of earth,
Should thus, with junior men, misuse your time,
Join in the dance, exhaust the festive bowl;
You who are forty winters past your prime
Whom time with dead men shortly will enrol.

Let me describe how follow pass'd this eve
The night that usher'd in the following year;—
With songs profane they did the hours deceive,
Drank deep and call'd the jug their brother dear.
At the hour of eight their eyes began to shine
Like Venus at the dawn, like little moons;
The clock struck ten, they scarce behaved like men,
Sung smutty songs to black-guard tunes.

Then, with the rest, the ancient man of sin Quick to the board of savoury supper moved;
Then paused the giddy dance, the violin;
And as they eat, the supper they approach'd;
With dainty bit each gratified his maw,
Drauk all they had, and swallow'd all they saw.

Twelve now had struck—the year was gone forever,
Old Simon wish'd the devil had the clock;
Then strike up, boy, he bellow'd, now or never!
Renew the dance—and scarce the word he spoke
When all was motion, merriment, and fun,
The old year ended and the new begun.

Next to the cards they went, and in a trice
Another set were busy with the dice;
The dial show'd that two was not remote,
And much ado to keep their heads affoat.
Then quarrels rose, and quarrelsome they grew,
And fisty-cuffs went round—half after two.

With threatening sticks, or shovel from the fire, Each batter'd each—the good wife said, retire! And bade old Simon, with his lifted cane, Go home!—but Simon she address'd in vain. He swore no pleasure was that night at home, And no where else—except in drinking rum—

Three! said the clock, and sleepy dews began
To seize the eyes of maid and man:
Amelia fair upon a blanket dosed,
And, Caty-Ann! thy pretty eyes were closed,
Sal nodded on a chair with smutty cap,
While a tall black-smith lounged upon her lap.
Simon, still merry, held it out till dawn,
Till all was drank, and every cask was drawn,
Then rose and left them, without thought or thank;
With not a cent to pay for all he drank.

A few there were, who scrupled not to say
Such conduct did not honor new year's day—
New year did not for such excesses come:
And all agreed
In the same creed,
Simon, at least, had better been at home.

ON PASSING

BY AN OLD CHURCH-YARD.

Pensive, on this green turf I cast my eye, And almost seel inclined to muse and sigh: Such tokens of mortality so nigh.

But hold,—who knows if these who soundly sleep, Would not, alive, have made some orphan weep, Or plunged some slumbering victim in the deep.

There may be here, who once were virtue's foes, \(\triangle \) curse through life, the cause of many woes, \(\two \) wrong'd the widow, and disturb'd repose.

There may be here, who with malicious aim Did all they could to wound another's fame, Steal character, and filch away good name,

Perhaps yond' solitary turf invests Some who, when living, were the social pests, Patrons of ribands, titles, crowns and crests.

Can we on such a kindred tear bestow?

They, who, in life, were every just man's foe,

A plague to all about them !—oh, no, no.

What though sepultured with the funeral whine; Why, sorrowing on such tombs should we recline, Where truth, perhaps, has hardly penn'd a line.

-Yet, what if here some honest man is laid Whom nature of her best materials made, Who all respect to sacred honor paid.

Gentle, humane, benevolent, and just (Though now forgot and mingled with the dust, There may be such, and such there are we trust.)

Yes—for the sake of that one honest man

We would on knaves themselves bestow a tear.

Think nature form'd them on some crooked plan.

And say, peace rest on all that slumber here.

THE ORDER OF THE DAY:

TO READERS OF THE HISTORY OF WARS, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

If on this sad, distressing book,
With eager eye you often look,
And there on dreary record find
The murder'd millions of mankind,

Grieve not too much, reflect and say, Twas but the order of the day.

The crimes of an imperial race,
Incessant, stare you in the face:
Have they this various havoc spread,
And art's best works in ruin laid?—
We sigh for this, as well as you,
And tears, at times sincerely flow,
To see mankind by war decay
By wars, the order of the day.

The men of thought, in senates known, Who drive a nation's business on, Have long agreed in things of state Each day should have its own debate. Tis sometimes war and sometimes peace; But who can tell when strife will cease, Or come the time, when, wars away, We get new orders of the day.

When trans-atlantic squadrons came And wasted wide with fire and flame, All saw the order drawing near (Some thought the orders too severe) Some said the royal claimant throng Had issued orders much too long, Republic, come! your spirit show, And take your turn to order too.

So, to the field bold legions led,
With various fortune fought, or bled,

For seven long years the war sustain'd On which the cause of freedom lean'd; And often vanquish'd knight and peer Who came to give hard orders here; And though their armies hoped to stay At length, we order'd them away.

When France began her proud career Then every tyrant quaked with fear, And arm'd their subjects far and wide While Lams swell'd the royal tide. King Frederick led his conquering host, Duke Brunswick made his haughty boast That Paris should in flames ascend Ere Louis should to rebels bend; Yes—he would show them royal play And give new orders of the day, An order of his own that brings The sword, the last resort of kings.

May despots be degraded low,
Who, where they find not, make a foc:
In debt for navies, armies, wars—
The subject says, the debt is ours!
Discouraged, famish'd, broken down,
They curse the king, abuse the crown,
And should to George, or Frederick say,
It breaks our hearts your bills to pay.

But little some regard the cost,
Whose hearts are fints, whose souls are frost,

Whom nature never yet could bind
On reason's plan to rule mankind;
Whose views and ends are to enslave
And make a man both fool and knave,
A, murderer or a mere machine,
And born to serve a king or queen:
May such, opposed to reason's light
For time to come receive this doom
That plants them deep, and sends them home;
To their last home to sink outright
And serve the orders of the night.

ON THE LAUNCHING

OF THE

FRIGATE CONSTITUTION.

The builders had the ship prepared,
And near her stood a triple guard,
For fear of secret foes.
Some, tiptee stood to see her start,
And would have said, with all their hear,
In raptures, there she goes !

The stubborn ship, do what they could,
Convinced them, she was made of wood
Though plann'd with art supreme;
All art, all force the ship defy'd—
Nor brilliant day, nor top of tide
Could urge her to the stream.

Some, with their airs aristocratic,
And some with honors diplomatic,
Advanced to see the show:
In vain the builder to her call'd—
In vain the shipwrights pull'd and haul'd—
She could not—would not go.

Each anti-federal, with a smile
Observed the yet unfloating pile
As if he meant to say,
Builder, no doubt, you know your trade,
A constitution you have made
But should her mays have better laid.

Well now to heave the ship afloat,
To move from this unlucky spot,
Take our advice, and give them soon,
What should have long ago been done,
AMENDMENTS—YOU KNOW WHAT.

THE

BETHLEHEMITE;

or, fair solitary.

A'pensive female, in her prime,
Reflecting on the end of time,
Sought an obscure recess:
She slighted every shepherd's flame,
The city beau—she sighing came
To pray, and feed on grace.

From noise and nonsense, far away:
She with the trees prefer'd to stay,
She left the gay, and left the vain
For contemplation's serenade
She most admired the willow shade
Suns clouded and the moon in wane.

Ye thoughtless swains, who haunt the town,
Who at each gay resort are known,
Or chase some glittering fly,
Set not your hearts on Cerolène;
In her the charms and graces join,
But love comes never nigh—

But homage to the almighty due Should not seclude her from all view ; Though hermit she is grown,
Yet friendship asks some little share—.
And love, if love may have his prayer,
Hopes she may yet be won.

ON THE

ATTEMPTED LAUNCH OF A FRIGATE,

designed for war against a sister republic.—1798.

Unless it be for mere defence
May shipwrights fail to launch you hence,
At best, the comrade of old Nick—
Some folks will smile to see you stick.

But new, suppose the matter done, And her the element upon; What cause have we mad wars to wage Or join the quarrels of the age?

Remote from Europe's wrangling race.
Who show us no pacific face
Let's tread negociation's track
Refore we venture to attack.

But to the seas if we must go, Tis clearly seen who is the foe, Who hastens, at no distant date, To repossess his *lost estate*.

I see them raise the storm of war, To cloud the gay columbian star, I see them, bloody, brave and base Make us the object of their chase.

Their ships of such superior might All we possess will put to flight, Or bear them off, with all on board, To make a meal for George the third.

One frigate, only, will not do—
She must retreat while they pursue,
To make her drink affliction's cup,
And, heaven preserve us, eat her up.

A navy of stupendous strength
Tis plain, must be our lot at length,
To sweep the seas, to guard the shore,
And crush their haughtiest seventy four.

Those puny ships that now we frame, (The way that England plays her game) Will to their bull-dogs fall a prey The hour we get them under weigh-

ON THE

FREE USE OF THE LANCET,

IN YELLOW FEVERS.*

In former days your starch'd divines
From notes of twenty thousand lines
Held many a long dispute;
One argued this, one argued that,
And reverend wigs, as umpires sat,
All sophists to confute.

They dwelt on things beyond their ken
And teazed and puzzled simple men
To hold them in the dark;
But their long season now is past,
The churchman's horn has blown its blast,
Things take a different mark.

Physicians now to quiet pain
Stick lancet in the patient's vein
That burns with feverish heat:
The next contend, they're wholly wrong,
That life will leak away ere long
If thus the case they treat.

A practice very prevalent at the time the above was written

Meantime a practice gets about,
Perhaps, to make some doctors pout:
Old Shelah, with her herbs and teas,
And scarce a shilling for her fees,
In many instances, at least,
When deaths and funerals increased,
Did more to dispossess the fever,
Did more from dying beds deliver
Than all the hippocratian host
Could by the lancet's virtue boast;
To which, I trow, full many a ghost
Will have a grudge for ever.

ON THE CITY ENCROACHMENTS ON THE

RIVER HUDSON.

Where Hudson, once, in all his pride
In surges burst upon the shore
They plant amidst his flowing tide
Moles, to defy his loudest roar;
And lofty mansions grow where late
Half Europe might discharge her freight.

From northern lakes and wastes of snow

The river takes a distant rise,

Now marches swift, now marches slow,

And now adown some rapid flies

Till join'd the Mohawk, in their course
They travel with united force.

But cease, nor with too daring aim Encroach upon this giant flood; No rights reserved by nature, claim, Nor on his ancient bed intrude:—— The river may in rage awake And time restore him all you take.

The eastern stream, his sister, raves
To see such moles her peace molest,
A London built upon her waves,
The weight of mountains on her breast:
With quicken'd flow she seeks the main
As on her bed new fabrics gain.

Bold streams! and may our verse demand
Is there not coast for many a mile,
And soils, as form'd by nature's hand
That border all Manhattan's isle:
Then why these mounds does avarice raise.
And build the haunts of pale disease,

Yet in your aim to clip their wing
(It asks no wizard to descry,)
That time the woful day will bring
When Hudson's passion, swelling high,
May in a foam his wrongs repay
And sweep both house and wharf away.

STANZAS

WRITTEN IN BLACKBEARD.

THE PIRATE'S CASTLE, NEAR THE TOWN OF ST. THOMAS, IN THE WEST INDIES.—1799.

The ancient knave, who raised these walls,
Now to oblivion half resign'd—
His fortress to the mind recalls
The nerve that stimulates mankind;
When savage force exerts its part
And ruffian blood commands the heart.

This pirate, known to former days,
The scourge of these unhappy climes,
In this strong fabric thought to raise
A monument to future times:
To guard himself and guard his gold,
Or shelter robbers, uncontrol'd.

A standard on these walls he rear'd,
And here he swore the oath profane,
That by his god, and by his beard,
Sole, independent, he would reign;
And do his best to crush the sway
Of legal right and honesty.

Within these walls, and in these vaults,
Of princely power and wealth possess'd,
Dominion hung on all his thoughts,
And here he hoped an age of rest;
The wealth of princes flowing in
That from the spaniards he did win.

He many a chief and captain awed,
Or chain'd with fetters, foot and hand;
Uncheck'd, his fleets he sent abroad,
Commission gave, conferr'd command;
And if his sailors skulk'd or fled,
He made them shorter—by a head.

Half Europe's flags he bade retire
From ponderous guns he hurl'd the ball—
He fill'd his glass with liquid fire
And drank damnation to them all:
For many a year he held the sway
And thousands at his mercy lay.

Confiding in his castle's strength
Mann'd by a fierce heroic crew,
He blunder'd on till they at length,
The model of a city drew,
Where he might reign and be obey'd,
And be the tyrant of all trade.

Vain hope! his fort neglected stands
And, crumbling, hastens to decay;—
Where, once, he train'd his daring bands
The stranger scarcely finds his way:

The bushes in the castle grow
Where once he menaced friend and foe,

In this mysterious scene of things
There must be laws or who could live?
There must be laws to aid the wings
Of those who on the ocean strive
To earn by commerce, bold and free,
The honest gains of industry.

THE.

HERMIT AND THE TRAVELLER.

The ground was white with half and snew, The storm was high, the sun was low, And every stream had ceased to Gow.

A traveller sought a lonely shed In hopes to find a fire and bed, To warm his feet and rest his head. And blest are they in wintry vales When every hope before them fails Who find such shelter from such gales.

A but itself, secure and dry,
A refuge from the inclement sky,
Who would not enter thankfully?

A hermit, of a mild address, Who long had lodged in this recess, The Solon of the wilderness,

Accosting, bade the stranger come And welcome, to his little home, Where all was but one little room.

Thus welcomed to the poor abode, Awhile he ruminating stood In sober and reflective mood.

"What solace here can misery meet (Said he) no fire to warm my feet, No bedding in this cold retreat.

This hut may guard from snow and rain But all is cold, and poor, and mean, So, fare you well;—I'll walk again."

He went—and as the night came on,
The snow came fiercer—driving down:—
Twas dark, and hope itself was gotte.

HERMIT AND TRAVELLER.

He wander'd here, and wander'd there While all around him gloom'd despair, The howling storm, the chilling air.

Now, to regain the humble shed And make a sheaf of straw his bed Was all the gleam of hope he had.

That night, but whether soon or late It matters not, he met his fate, And enter'd on a future state.

Next week, by chance, the hermit grey Across the forest chanced to stray And found the carcass in his way.

"Alack! (he cry'd) you should have staid And not have spurn'd my little shed; You should have shared in half I had— My oaken bench, my leafy bed:

My homely fare of nuts and fruits, The apple dry'd, and turnip roots, And all that for a hermit suits.

O stranger to the hermit race! In search of a less humble place I see you in a woful case."

Learn hence, ye proud, to drop your wings, Slight not the day of little things, Since all that's great from little springs. Perhaps the proverb may be stale, But heed the meaning of the tale, "Leave not the harbor in a gale."

STANZAS

To the memory of Gen. WASHINGTON, who died Dec. 14, 1799.

Terra tegit, populus mæret, cælum habet !

Departing with the closing age
To virtue, worth and freedom true,
The chief, the patriot, and the sage
To Vernon bids his last adieu:
To reap in some exalted sphere
The just rewards of virtue here.

Thou, Washington, by heaven design'd
To act a part in human things
That few have known among mankind,
And far beyond the task of kings;
We hail you now to heaven received,
Your mighty task on earth achieved.

While sculpture and her sister arts,

For thee their choicest wreaths prepare...

WASHINGTON.

Fond gratitude her share imparts

And begs thy bones for burial there;

Where, near Virginia's northern bound

Swells the vast pile on federal ground.

To call from their obscure abodes
The grecian chief, the roman sage,
The kings, the heroes, and the gods
Who flourish'd in time's earlier age,
Would be to class them not with you,—
Superior far, in every view.

Those ancients of ferocious mould,
Blood their delight, and war their trade,
Their oaths profaned, their countries sold,
And fetter'd nations prostrate laid;
Could these, like you, assert their claim
To honor and immortal fame?

Those monarchs, proud of pillaged spoils,
With nations shackled in their train,
Returning from their desperate toils
With trophies,—and their thousands slain;
In all they did no traits are known
Like those that honor'd Washington.

Who now will save our shores from harms,
The task to him so long assign'd?
Who now will rouse our youth to arms
Should war approach to curse mankind?
Alas! no more the word you give,
But in your precepts you survive.

Ah, gene! and none your place supply,
Nor will your equal soon appear;
But that great name can only die
When memory dwells no longer here,
When man and all his systems must
Distolve, like you, and turn to dust.

STANZAS

UPON THE SAME SUBJECT WITH THE PRESEDING.

The chief who freed these suffering lands, From Britain's bold besieging bands, The hero, through all countries known—The guardian genius of his own,

Is gone to that celestial bourns
From whence no traveller can return,
Where Scipio and where Trajan went:
And heaven reclaims the soul it lent.

Each heart with secret we congeals;

Down the the pale cheek moist sorrow steals,

And all the nobler passions join To mourn, remember, and resign.

O ye, who erave the marble bust To celebrate poor human dust, And from the silent shades of death Retrieve the form but not the breath,

Vain is the attempt by force of art To impress his image on the heart: It lives, it glows, in every breast, And tears of millions paint it best.

Indebted to his guardian care,
And great alike in peace or war,
The loss they feel these STATES deplore,—
Their friend....their father....is no more.

What will they do to avow their grief?
No sighs, no tears, afford relief;
Dark mourning weeds but ill express
The poignant wo that all confess;
Nor will the monumental stone
Assuage one tear—relieve one groan.

O Washington! thy honor'd dust To parent nature we entrust; Convinced that your exalted mind Still lives, but soars beyond mankind, Still acts in virtue's sacred cause, Nor asks from man his vain applause. In raptures with a theme so great,
While thy famed actions they relate,
Each future age from thee shall know
All that is good and great below;
Shall glow with pride to hand thee down
To latest time, to long renown,
The brightest name on freedom's page,
And the first honor of our age.

STANZAS

Occasioned by certain absurd, extravagant, and eves blasphemous panegyrics and encomiums on the character of the late gen. Washington, that appeared in several pamphlets, journals, and other periodical publications, in January, 1800.

> No tongue can tell, no pen describe The phrenzy of a numerous tribe, Who, by distemper'd fancy led, Insult the memory of the dead.

Of old, there were in every age

Who stuff'd with gods the historian's page,

And raised beyond the human sphere Some who, we know, were mortal here.

Such was the case, we know full well, When darkness spread her pagan spell; Mere insects, born for tombs and graves, They changed into celestial knaves; Made some, condemn'd to tombs and shrouds, Lieutenant generals in the clouds.

In journals, meant to spread the news,
From state to state—and we know whose—
We read a thousand idle things
That madness pens, or folly sings.

Was, Washington, your conquering sword Condemn'd to such a base reward? Was trash, like that we now review, The tribute to your valor due?

One holds you more than mortal kind, One holds you alt ethereal mind, This puts you in your saviour's seat, That makes you dreadful in retreat.

One says, you are become a star, One makes you more resplendent, far; One sings, that, when to death you bow'd, Old mother nature shriek'd aloud.

We grieve to see such pens profane

The first of chiefs, the first of men.

1

To Washington—a man—who died, Is abba father well applied?

Absurdly, in a frantic strain, Why ask him not for sun and rain?— We sicken at the vile applause That bids him give the ocean laws.

Ye patrons of the ranting strain, What temples have been rent in twain? What fiery chariots have been sent To diguify the sad event?—

O, ye profane, irreverent few, Who reason's medium never knew: On you she never glanced her beams; You carry all things to extremes.

Shall they, who spring from parent earth.

Pretend to more than mortal birth?

Or, to the omnipotent allied,
Control his heaven, or join his side?

O, is there not some chosen curse,
Some vengeance due, with lightning's force
That far and wide destruction spreads,
To burst on such irreverent heads!

Had they, in life, be-praised him so, What would have been the event, I know He would have spurn'd them, with disdalls, Or rush'd upon them, with his case. He was no god, ye flattering knaves, He own'd no world, he ruled no waves; But—and exalt it, if you can, He was the upright, HONEST MAN.

This was his glory, this outshone
Those attributes you doat upon:
On this strong ground he took his stand,
Such virtue saved a sinking land.

REFLECTIONS

ON THE

MUTABILITY OF THINGS-1798.

The time is approaching deny it who may,
The days are not very remote,
When the pageant that glitter'd for many a day,
On the stream of oblivion will float.

The times are advancing when matters will turn,
And some, who are now in the shade,
And pelted by malice, or treated with scorn,
Will pay, in the coin that was paid:

ŀ

The time it will be, when the people aroused, For better arrangements prepare, And firm to the cause, that of old they espoused, Their steady attachment declare:

When tyrants will shrink from the face of the day, Or, if they presume to remain, To the tune of *peccavi*, a solo will play, And lower the reyalty strain:

When government favors to flattery's press Will halt on their way from afar, And people will laugh at the comical dress Of the knights of the garter and star:

When a monarch, new fangled, with lawyer and scribe,

In junto will cease to convene, Or take from old England a pitiful bribe, To pamper his "highness serene;"

When virtue and merit will have a fair chance
The loaves and the fishes to share,
And JEFFERSON, you to your station advance,
The man for the president's chair:

When bonesty, honor, experience, approved,
No more in disgrace will retire;
When fops from the places of trust are removed
And the leaders of faction retire.

MILITARY RECRUITING:

TO A RECRUIT FOND OF SEGAR SMOLING .-

Gogitat, ut speciosa debine miracula promat.—r

When first I arrived to the age of a man
And met the distraction of care,
As the day to a close rather sorrowful ran
Yet I smiled and I smoked my segar:
O, how sweet did it seem
What a feast, what a dream
What a pleasure to smoke the segar!

In vain did the din of the females assail
Or the noise of the carts in the street,
With a spanish segar and a pint of good ale
I found my enjoyment complete:
Old care I dismiss'd
While I held in my fist
The pitcher, and smoked the segar.

What a world are we in, if we do not retire,

And, at times, to the tavern repair

To read the gazette, by a hickory fire,
With a sixpence or shilling to spare,
To handle the glass
And an evening pass
With the help of a lively segar.

The man of the closet, who studies and reads,
And prepares for the wars of the bar;
The priest who harangues, or the lawyer who pleads,
What are they without the segar?
What they say may be right,
But they give no delight
Unless they have smoked the segar.

The farmer still plodding, who follows his plough,
A calling, the first and the best,
Would care not a fig for the sweat on his brow
If he smoked a segar with the rest:
To the hay-loft alone
I would have it unknown,
For there a segar I detest.

The sailor who climbs and ascends to the yard
Bespatter'd and blacken'd with tar,
Would think his condition uncommonly hard
If he did not indulge the segar,
To keep them in trim
While they merrily swim
On the ocean, to countries afar.

The soldier untru'd, in the minst of the smoke,

The havor and carnage of war,



Would stand to his cannon, as firm as a rock,
Would they let him but smoke his segar:
Every gun in the fort
Should make its report
From the fire which illumes the segar.

LINES

ON THE

ESTABLISHMENT OF THE NEW THEATRE,

IND THE MANAGEMENT OF THE HOUSE BRING PLACES.

Quid Sophocles, et Thespis, et Æschylus utile errent Tentavit quoque, rem si digne vertere posset.—Hon

This noble pile, superbly great, In Athens, might have graced her state, And rivals all that London claims

From brilliant scenes, and boasted names.

Whate'er the tragic muse affords
Will here be told in glowing words:
From magic scenes to charm the eyes
All nature's pictures will arise.

And she, who charms the sprightly throng, The goddess of the comic song The muse of laughter, and of jest Will bring amusement, with the rest.

And cooper, here, who leads the train Of sorrow, pleasure, pity, pain, A Roscius, of superior powers, The modern Garrick now is ours.

He will display on nature's stage (Or nature copied from her page) The force of all that Shakspeare writ, All Otway's grief and Congreve's wit.

With him a chosen band agree
To make the stage what it should be,
The serious moral to impart,
To cheer the mind and mend the heart.

The manners of the age t'improve, To enforce the power of virtuous love, Chaste morals in the soul t'implant Which most admire, and many want. On such a plan, theatric shows

Do honor to the thespian muse,

Impart a polish to the mind;

Instruct and civilize mankind.

Ye sages who in morals deal, But all the pleasing side conceal, From hence, confess that morals may As surely take the brilliant way.

With such an object in our view
Let Thespis all her art pursue,
When autumn brings the lengthening nights
And reason to her feast invites.—

ON

THE PEAK OF PICO;

ONE OF THE AZORES, OR WESTERN ISLANDS .-

Attracted to this airy steep
Above the subject hills,
Ocean, from his surrounding deep
The urn of Pico fills.

Thence gushing streams, unstinted, stray
To glad the mountain's side;
Or, winding through the vallies, gay,
Through fields, and groves, and vineyards glide,
To him the plains their verdure owe
Confessing what your smiles bestow,
Thou Peak of the Azores.

From day to day the unwearied sail
Surveys your towering cone,
And when th'adjacent prospects fail,
And neighboring isles no more they hail,
You meet the eye alone.
Twice forty miles the exploring eye
Discerns you o'er the waste,
Now, a blue turret in the sky
When not by mists embraced.
Long may you stand, the friendly mark,
To those who sail afar,
The spot that guides the wandering barque,
A second polar star.

A

BACCHANALIAN DIALOGUE.

WRITTEN 1803.

Arrived at Madeira, the island of vines,
Where mountains and vallies abound,
Where the sun the mild juice of the cluster refines,
To gladden the magical ground:

As pensive I stray'd in her elegant shade,
Now halting and now on the move,
Old Bacchus I met, with a crown on his head,
In the darkest recess of a grove.

I met him with awe, but no symptom of fear
As I roved by his mountains and springs,
When he said with a sneer, "how dare you come

here,

You hater of despots and kings?—

Do you know that a prince, and a regent renown'd Presides in this island of wine?

Whose fame on the earth has encircled it round And spreads from the pole to the line?

Maste away with your barque : on the foam of the main

To Charleston I bid you repair :

There drink your Jamaica, that maddens the brain;
You shall have no Madeira—I swear."

"Dear Bacchus," (I answered) for Bacchus it was That spoke in this menacing tone: I knew by the smirk and the flush on his face It was Bacchus, and Bacchus alone—

"Dear Bacchus, (I answered) ah, why so severe ?—Since your nectar abundantly flows,

Allow me one cargo—without it I fear

Some people will soon come to blows:

I left them in wrangles, disorder, and strife, Political feuds were so high, I was sick of their quarrels, and sick of my life, And almost requested to die."

The deity smiling, replied, "I relent:—
For the sake of your coming so far,
Here, taste of my choicest—go, tell them repent,
And cease their political war.

With the cargo I send, you may say, I intend To hush them to peace and repose; With this present of mine, on the wings of the wins You shall travel, and tell them, here goes

A health to old Bacchus! who sends them the best Of the nectar his island affords,

The soul of the feast and the joy of the guest,

Too good for your monarchs and lords.

No rivals have I in this insular waste,

Alone will I govern the isle

With a king at my feet, and a court to my taste,

And all in the popular style.

But a spirit there is in the order of things,

To me it is perfectly plain,

That will strike at the sceptres of despots and kings,

And only king Bacchus remain."

STANZAS.

Written at the island of Madeira, on the fatal and unprecedented torrents of water nhich collected from the mountains on the ninth of October, 1803, and destroyed a considerable part of the city of Funchal, drowned a vast number of people, and damaged, to a great a mount, several plantations and villages in that neigh borhood.

The rude attack, if none will tell,
On Bacchus, in his favorite isle;
If none in verse describe it well,
If none assume a poet's style
These devastations to display;
Attend ine, and perhaps I may

1 317

To those who own the feeling heart
This tragic scene I would present,
No fiction, or the work of art,
Nor merely for the fancy meant:
Twas all a shade, a darken'd scene,
Old Noah's deluge come again!

From hills beyond the clouds that soar,
The vaults of heaven, the torrents run,
And rushing with resistless power,
Assail'd the island of the sun:
Fond nature saw the blasted vine,
And seem'd to sicken and repine.

As skyward stream'd the electric fire
The heavens emblazed, or wrapt in gloom;
The clouds appear, the clouds retire
And terror said, "the time is come
When all the groves, and hill, and plain
Will sink to ocean's bed again."

The cheery god, who loves to smile

And gladness to the heart bestows,

Almost resolved to quit his isle,

And in unwonted passion rose;

He sought his caves in wild dismay

And left the heavens to have their way.

The whistling winds had ceased to blow;
Not one, of all the aerial train—
No gale to aid that night of wo
Disturb'd the slumbers of the main;

In distant woods they silent slept; Or, in the clouds, the tempest kept.

The bursting rains in seas descend,

Machico* heard the distant roar,

And lightnings, while the heavens they rend,

Show'd ruin marching to the shore:

Egyptian darkness brought her gloom

And fear foreboded nature's doom.

The heavens on fire, an ocean's force
Scized forests, vineyards, herds, and men,
And swelling streams from every source
Bade ancient chaos come again:
Through Fmchal's† road their courses held
And ocean saw his waves repell'd,

Ill fated town!—what works of pride
In one short hour were swept away!
Huge piles that time had long defy'd,
In ruthless ruin scatter'd lay:
Some buried in the opening deep—
With crowds dismiss'd to endless sleep.

From her fond arms the daughter torn,
The mother saw destruction near;
Both on the whirling surge were borne,
Forgetful of the farewell tear:

^{*} A distant village on the island.

† The capital town of the island.

At distance torn, with feeble cries, Far from her arms the infant dies.

Her dear delight, her darling boy
In morn of days and dawning bloom,
This opening bud of promised joy
Too early found a watery tomb,
Or floated on the briny waste;
No more beloved, no more embraced.

From heights immense, with force unknown,
Enormous rocks and mangled trees
Were headlong hurl'd and hurrying down,
Fix'd their foundation in the seas!
Or, rushing with a mountain's weight,
Hurl'd to the deeps their domes of state.

On heaven intent the affrighted priest '
Where church was left, to churches ran,
With suppliant voice the skies addrest,
And wail'd the wickedness of man:
For which he thought, this scourge was meant,
And, weeping, said, repent, repent!

But Santa Clara's lofty walls,
Where pines through life the pious nun,
Whose prison to the mind recalls
What superstition's power has done:
No conquest there the floods essay'd,
Religion guarded man and maid.

What seem'd beyond the cannon's power,
The walls of rock, were torn away;
To ruin sunk the church and tower,
And no respect the flood would pay
To silver saints, or saints of wood,
The bishop's cap, the friar's hood.

Hard was their fate! more happy thou
The lady of the mountain tall;*
When desolation raged below
She stood secure, and scorn'd it all,
Where GORDON,† for retirement, chose
His groves, his gardens, and the muse.

Who on this valley's drowning bed
Would plan a street, or build again,
Unthinking as the Brazen head‡
For wretches builds a source of pain,
A church, a street, that soon or late
May share the same, or a worse fate,

Let some vast bridge assume their place
Like those the romans raised of old,
With arches, firm as nature's base,
Of architecture grand and bold;
So will the existing race engage
The thanks of a succeeding age.

Nossa Senyora da Montana, a fine church on a high emize in the mountains—— A respectable gentleman of the island. A rocky promontory a few miles eastward of the capital. Pontinia* long must wear the marks Of this wide wasting scene of wo. Where near the Loo, the tar embarks When prosperous winds, to wait him, blow : These ravages may time repair.

But he and I will not be there.

* The western quarter, near the Loo fort, where is the only cligible place of landing.

GENERAL NOTE.

From the best accounts that could be procured at Madeira. there perished in and near the city of Funchal, ave hundred and The ravages were chiefly confined to the eastern fifty persons. parts of the town where the loss was immense in bridges, houses, streets and other property, public as well as private-there was one magnificent church totally destroyed, standing near the sea, and called in the portuguese tongue, Nossa Senyora da Caillou, (lady of the beach) besides this, there were five handsome chapels carried away. Five very considerable streets with their immense stone buildings have entirely disappeared, or but some insignificant parts remaining The water rose in a short space of time from 14 to 16 feet in the adjacent parts of the city, and bursting into the buildings, where it did not much injure the latter, it greatly damaged the mercantile property lodged therein. about two hundred persons supposed to be lost in other parts of the island, particularly in the villages, and small towns. The following circumstance, it was asserted, added not a little to the devastations occasioned by the accumulation of water in the val-The governor, with several other considerable landholders in the mountains, had, for several years back, been in the practice of erecting stone dams across the vast and spacious valley above the city, at different intervals of distance for the purpose of watering the adjacent grounds, or leading off streams in a variety of directions-when the immense body of rain fell in October last, all this gave way, and carried death and destruction therewith.

ON THE

PEAK OF TENERIFFE, 1804.

No mean, no human artist laid
The base of this prodigious pile,
The towering peak—but nature said
Let this adorn Tenaria's isle;
And be my work for ages found
The polar star to islands round.

The conic-point that meets the skies
Indebted to volcanic fire,
First from the ocean bid to rise,
To heaven was suffer'd to aspire;
But man, ambitious, did not dare
To plant one habitation there:

For torrents from the mountain came;
What molten floods were seen to glow!
Expanded sheets of vivid flame,
To inundate the world below!
These, older than the historian's page
Once bellow'd forth vext nature's rage.

In ages past, as may again, Such laves from those ridges run. And hastening to the astonish'd main Exposed earth's entrails to the sun; These, barren, once, noglected, dead, Are now with groves and pastures spread.

The flowers a thousand sweets disperse,
And pictures, there, by nature drawn,
Inspire some island poet's verse,
While streems through every valley rove
To bless the garden, grace the grove.

To blast a scene above all praise
Should fate, at last, be so severe,
May this not hap' in Julia's* days,—
While Barrey* dwells all honor'd, here:
While LITTLE* lives, of generous mind,
Or armstrong,* social as refined.—

* A lady, and gentlemen of the first respectability, then residing at Santa Cruz. san Christoval de Laguna, and Port Oratava in the island of Teneriffe——

ANSWER

a card of invitation to visit a numery at Garrichica, on the north side of Teneriffe.

It came to hand, your friendly card,
No doubt, a token of regard;
But time is short, and I must leave
Your pensive town of Oratave,
And, soon departing, well you know,
Have many a weary mile to go.

Then stay and sip canary wines,
While I return to oaks and pines,
To rail at kings, or court the muse,
To smoke a pipe, or turn recluse,
To think upon adventures past
To think of what must come at last—
To drive the quill—and—to be brief,
To think no more of Teneriffe.—

How happy you who once a week,
Can storm a fort at Garrichique,
Or talk, familiar with the nuns
Secluded there with Levi's sons;
To see them smile, or hear them prate,
Or chant, and chat behind the grate!
All this is heaven. I half suspect,
And who would such a heaven neglect?

All I can say is what I mean,
May you embrace each Iphigene,
And hug and kiss them all the while,
These fair Calypsoes of the isle:
Then if what Sappho said, be true,
Blest as the immortal gods are you.

For me, not favor'd so by fate, I venture not behind the grate: There dragons guard the golden fleece, And nymphs immured find no release: Forbidden fruit you weekly see, Forbidden fruit on every tree, Where he who tastes, may look for strife, Where he who touches ventures life. The jealous priests, with threatening eye Look hard at all approaching nigh; The monks have charge of brittle ware, The friar bids you have a care; That they alone the fruit may eat That fills religion's last retreat: The mother abbess looks as sour'd As if you had the fruit devour'd, And bids the stranger haste away,-Not rich enough for fruit to pay.

How much unlike, our western fair,
Who breathe the sweets of freedom's air;
Go where they please, do what they will,
Themselves are their own guardians still:—
Then come, and on our distant shore
Some blooming rural nymph adore;

And do not make the day remote, For time advances, quick as thought, When thus some grave rebuke will say When you approach the maiden gay:

- ' You should have courted in your prime,
- Our Anastasia's, at that time
- 'When blood ran quick, and Hymen said,
- 'Colin! my laws must be obey'd.'

Your card to slight, I'm much distrest, Your card has robb'd me of my rest: Should I attempt the nuns to accost. The priests might growl, and all be lost: My cash might fail me when to pay; No chance, perhaps, to run away;—So. I decline the needless task. Return to Charleston, with the cask. Of wine, you send from Teneriffe, To glad some hearts, and dry up grief:

I add, some dangerous neighbors here May disappoint my hopes I fear; The breakers near the vessel roll; The lee-ward shore, the rocky shoal! The whitening seas that constant lave The craggy strand of Oratave; The expected gale, the adjacent rock Each moment threatens all our stock, And Neptune, in his giant cup Stands lurking near, to gulp it up. But here's a health to Neptune's sons Who man the yard—nor dream of nurs.

ÓN

SENIORA JULIA,

LEAVING A DANCE, UNDER PRETENCE OF DROWSINESS

She, at the soul enlivening, ball,
And in the lamp illumined hall
But small amusement found;
She shunn'd the cards' bewitching play,
She shunn'd the noisy and the gay,
Nor cared for music's sound.

No nymph discover'd so much spleen,
Was so reserved as Julia, seen
On that enchanting night:
And yet she had her part to say
When young Almagro shared the play,
Then cards were her delight.

But he retired, amid the dance;
He heard, he said, of news from France,
And of a serious cast:
He wish'd to know beyond all doubt,
What Bonaparte was now about,
How long his sway would last.

'Then, Julia made a good retreat,
But left the assembly incomplete;
She was with sleep oppress'd.—
Who shall the midnight dance prolong
Who lead the minuet, raise the song
Where Julia is no guest?

Yet, love declared her judgment right,
And whisper'd, when she bade good night
And feign'd an aching head,
"While some retreat and some advance,
Let them enjoy the festive dance,
You, Julia, go to bed."

LINES ON

ENIORA JULIA, OF PORT ORATAVE,

Adorn'd with every charm that beauty gives, That nature lends, or female kind receives, Good sense and virtue on each feature shine; She is—she is not—yes, she is divine.

She speaks, she moves with all attracting grace, And smiles display the angel on the face; Her aspect all, what female would not share?

What youth but worship, with a mind so fair.

In this famed isle, the cloud-capp'd Teneriffe, Where health abounds and languor finds relief; In this bright isle, when Julia treads the plain, What rapture fires the bosom of the swain.

At her approach, the breast untaught to glow, Like the vast peak, retains eternal snow.

Feels not the first, best ardors of the mind;

Respect and awe, to love and friendship join'd.

When to Laguna's* heights she deigns to stray, 'To myrtle bowers, and gardens ever gay, Where spring eternal on the fragrant grove Breathes the bright scenes of harmony and love; All eyes, attracted, by her graceful mein View her, the unrivall'd favorite of the green, And when, too soon, she would the garden leave, See Paradise forsaken by its Eve.

Return, bright nymph, attractive as admired, And be what Plato from your sex required; Mild as your clime, that rarely knows a storm, The argelic nature in a *cemale form.' Canary's † towns their splendid halls prepare, But all is dark, when Julia is not there. Not Oratava, on the sea-beat shore, In her gay circles finds one Julia more, Not high † Lavelia boasts so sweet a face; Not Garrachica could yourself replace;

^{*}An ancient town once the capital. Four miles from the sea.

f Canary, a large island, south eastward of Teneriffe.

LAs old city in the mountains.

Not old Laguna can supply your loss, Nor yet the city of the holy-cross.

Where love and passion, from the world conceal'd:

Devotion's winter has to frost congeal'd: Yet beauty, there, adorns the brilliant dome, Invites her loves, and bids her votaries come; Fair Santa-Cruz her beauty, too, commands, And, was but Julia there, unrivall'd stands.

Flush'd with the blessings of the generous vine, The island bards, to honor you, combine: The stranger guest, all tongues, when you appear, Confess you, lovely, charming, all things dear; Among the rest, accept my homely lay, The last respect I can to Julia pay:
A different subject soon my verse awaits, Contending powers, or disunited states, Yet shall remembrance renovate the past, And, when you die, your name unfading last: Though mists obscure, or oceans round me swell, To the deep seas I go, the world to tell That Julia, foremost, does this isle engage, And moves the first, bright venus of my page.

Santa-Cruz, the capital; on the south east quarter of the island

ON A

RURAL NYMPH,

Descending from one of the Madeira mountains, with bundle of fuel wood, on her head.

Six miles, and more, with nimble foot
She came from some sequestred spot,
A handsome, swarthy, rustic maid
With furze and fern, upon her head:
The burthen hid a bonnet blue,
The only hat, perhaps, she knew,
No slippers on her feet were seen;
Yet every step display'd a mein
As if she might in courts appear,
Though placed by wayward fortune here.

An english man, who saw her, said, Your burthen is too heavy laid, Dear girl your lot is rather hard, And, after all, a poor reward:
This is not labor suiting you, Come with me kome to England go, And you shall have a coach and four, A silken gown—and something more.

- Disturb me not (the girl replied)
- 'I choose to walk-let others ride:
- 'I would not leave yond' rugged hill
- 'To have your London at my will-
- 'You are too great for such as I :---'
- When thus the briton made reply:
 - ' Had I but thirty years to spare
- 'And you precisely what you are,
- 'Had seen you thirty years ago
- 'In style of living, high or low,
- ' You should have been a lady gay,
- 'And dizzen'd out as fine as May:
- 'Why stay you here, to face the sun,
- ' And drudging till the day is done,
- 'While little to the purse it brings
- But little store of little things?

She said, 'before the sun was up

- 'I finish'd with my chocolate cup:
- 'A hank of yarn I fairly spun,
- ' And, when the hank of yarn was done,
- ' To have a fire, and cook our mess
- · I travell'd vonder wilderness:
- · I climb'd a mountain very tall,
- 'Unwearied, and without a fall,
- 'And gather'd up this little pack
- 'Which now you see me carrying back;---
- ' Your northern girls at this might laugh,
- 'But such a jaunt would kill them half-
- Disturb me not, I must go on;
- 'Ten minutes, while I talk, are gone! -

If she grew rich by hanks of yarn, Is more than we shall ever learn: If thrive she did by climbing hills, No history or tradition tells; But this we know, and this we say, That where a despot holds the sway. To pay the tax of king and queen The common berd are poor and mean. The slaves of lords the slaves of priests. And nearly saddled, like the beasts.-Where liberty erects her reign Du cina would have had her swain. With horse and cow-which she had not. Nor ever to possess them thought: She would have had, to save her feet, A pair of shoes and suit complete. A decent dress, and not of rags, A state above the rank of hags; A language if not over fine, At least above the beggar's whinc. Yet such attend on fortune's frowns. And such support the pride of crowns.

COLLECTION OF

POEMS,

ON

AMERICAN AFFAIRS, AND A VARIETY OF OTHER SUBJECTS, CHIEFLY MORAL AND POLITICAL;

WRITTEN BETWEEN THE YEAR 1797 AND THE PRE-SENT TIME.

BY PHILIP FRENEAU,

Author of Poems written during the Revolutionary
War, Miscellanies, &c. &c.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

Then England come!—a sense of wrong requires. To meet with thirteen stars your thousand fires:
Through these stern times the conflict to maintain,
or drown them, with your commerce, in the main.

VOL. II.

NEW-YORK:

PUBLISHED BY DAVID LONGWORTH,

At the Dramatic Repository,

Shakspeare-Gallery.

1815:



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FRENEAU'S POEMS.

ON THE PROSPECT OF WAR,

AND

AMERICAN WRONGS.

Americans! rouse at the rumors of war,
Which now are distracting the hearts of the nation,
A flame blowing up, to extinguish your power

And leave you, a prey, to another invasion;

A second invasion, as bad as the old,

When, northward or southward, wherever they stroll'd,

With heart and with hand, a murdering band
Of vagrants, came over to ravage your land:
For liberty's guard, you are ever array'd
Aud know how to fight, in the sun or the shade.

Remember the cause that induced you to rise

When oppression advanced, with her king-making
host,

Twas the cause of our nation that bade you despise
And drive to destruction all England's proud host,
Who, with musket and sword, under men they adored,
Rush'd into each village and rifled each shade
To murder the planter, and ravish the maid.

FRENEAU'S POEMS.

What though you arose, and resolved to be free,
With spirit to humble all Europe combining,
You had soon bit the dust or been drown'd in the sea
By the slaves of a king, and a court all designing,
Had not liberty swore she would cover your shore,
Her colors display'd, and with vengeance repaid
The myriads that came from a blood-thirsty isle
Our groves, and our streams, and our beds to defile.

On churches defaced, by a merciless foe,
Or made the poor captive's distress'd habitation:
The prison-ship, fraught with its cargo of wo,
Where thousands were starved, without shame
or compassion;

All these, and yet more, were the evils we bore From a motherly dome, Great Britain her name, From a nation, that once we accounted our friends, Who would shackle the country, that freedom defen

All true-born americans! join, as of old;
For freedom's defence, be your firm resolution
Whoever invades you by force, or with gold,
Alike is a foe to a free constitution:
Unite to pull down that imposture, a crown;
Oppose it at least, tis a mark of the beast:
All tyranny's engines again are at work
To make you as poor and as base as the turk.

Abandon'd to all the intrigues of a knave,
Abounding with sharpers of every descripti

They would plunder our towns, and prohibit the wave:

Their treaties of commerce are all a deception:

Not a ship do we send but they rob without end;

With their law of blockade they have ruin'd our
trade:

The shops of mechanics at midnight they burn That home manufactures may cease to be worn.

Look round the wide world; and observe with a sigh, Wherever a monarch presides o'er a nation, Sweet nature appears with a tear in her eye, And the mantle of sorrow enshrouds the creation.

The oceau is chain'd, all freedom restrain'd, The soil is resign'd to the pests of mankind, To royals and nobles, the guard of the throne, And the slaves they have bribed, to make freedom their own.

All hail to the nation, immortal and great,
Who, rising on bold philosophical pinion,
Reforms, and enlightens, and strengthens the state,
Not places her weal in excess of dominion.
What reason can do she intends to pursue;
And true to the plan, on which she began,
Will the volume unfold she to freedom assign'd,
Till tyrants are chased from the sight of mankind.

Since the day we declared, they were masters no more,

The day we arese from the colony station,

Has England attack'd us, by sea and by shore,
In war by the sword, as in peace by vexation;
Impressment they claim'd, till our seamen, ashamed,
Grew sick of our flag, that against the old hag
Of Britain, no longer their freedom protected
But left them, like slaves, to be lash'd and corrected.

Old Rome, that in darkness so long had been lost, Since on her republic bright freedom was shining: The warmth of her spirit congeal'd in a frost, Under tyrants and popes, many centuries, pining: At the close of the page, who can bridle his rage To see her return to the fetters she broke, When tyranny sicken'd, and liberty spoke: What an image of clay have they thrown in her way! The king and the priest on her carcass will feast: When these are allied, the world they divide: The nations they plunder, the nations they kill. And bend all the force of the mind to their will: Not the spirit to rise, or the strength to command, But friars and monks—and the scum of the land.— No more of your Nero's or Casars complain, Leave Brutus and Cato, and take them again.

But reason, that sun, whose unquenchable ray
Progressive, has dawn'd on the night of the mind,
From the source of all good, may hereafter display,
And man a more dignified character find:
As far as example and vigor can go,
As long as forbearance and patience will do,
The western republic will carry it through—:

May order and peace through the nations increase, And murder, and plunder, and tyrauny cease: May justice and honor through empires prevail And all the bad passions weigh light in the scale, Till man is the being that nature at first Placed here, to be happy, and not to be cursed.

Approaching, at hand, in the progress of time,
An era will come, to begin its career,
When freedom reviving, and man in his prime,
His rights will assert, and maintain without fear
Of that cunning, bold race, who our species disgrace;

On the blood of a nation who make calculation To rise into splendor and fill a high station; Nay, climb to the throne on a villaneus plan To plunder his substance, and trample on mm.

THE

MUSICAL SAVAGE.

Surposed to express, to the musician, the extatic emotions of a missouri indian, on his first hearing the violin played, or band of music, that accompanied captain LEWIS on his expedition to the Cohumbia-River.

- "A god resides within that shell— Who taught it how to sing so well? And such a pleasing story tell?
- "The heavens unclose—a voice I hear, The voice of joy, the voice of fear; Monecto.* with his music, near,
 - "It brings a battle to my cye—
 It makes me laugh—it makes me cry—
 It bids me rave, I know not why.
 - "You are my friend, you are my foe— If longer you enrage me so, You fall a victim to my bow.
 - "Whose tracks are these?—a warrior chief! And does he come to give me grief! Why do I fear the fulling leaf?

^{*} The common name for the Supreme Being, among the wester and northern indians.

- "The nerves of twenty brace my limbs— The ice of death around me swims— The tear of wo my eye be-dimms.
- "Who burnt our towns? the mad osage,†
 Go, bring his scalp—the battle wage—
 A thousand moons calm not my rage.
- "The prisoner seized!—all vengeance take!
 O no! release him from the stake—
 Put out the fire! his fetters break!
- "Rucana, come! I doat once more— Your bosom, with yourself, restore— I never miss'd you so before!
- "I scorch in flames till you arrive: Give me your hand—your kisses give! For you I burn—for you I live.
- "Now strike up valor from the string I aim the dart—I whirl the sling, And now upon a tiger spring.
- "The shivering blood my heart forsakes, Through every vein an ague shakes When to the god the spirit speaks!
- "My soul revives! the feast prepare! The stranger shall our ven'sou share— My doom is fixt—my heaven is near!

he Osages are a very powerful nation of Indians, inhabitive region, far to the westward, on the north and south impose river called the Missonri.

- "The warrior's ghost!—I bade him die— His angry visage meets my eye— On lightnings from his dart I fly!
- " He has me fast!—my fears retire!
 If doom'd in tortures to expire
 My soul disdains his hottest fire.
- "Unmoved I see the kindled pile— Come, tyrant, please yourself awhile: I meet your torments with a smile.
- "A wild delusion turns my brain, All pleasure now, and now all pain, I live, I die, I live again!
- "O stranger! make me not so glad— O christian! make me not so sad: You may be kill'd, if I go mad."

EPITAPH

ON A WORTHY PERSON, WHOSE DECEASE CLOSED A SERIE! OF FORTUNE AND MISFORTUNE IN HIS 50th YEAR.

Within this silent, lonely grave
With kindred earth my dust remains,
Nor dreads the chill of northern blasts,
Or stormy winds, or driving rains.

Some friendly eye, that views this ground,
O read! and drop a tender tear;
A stranger, through the world I pass'd,
But found its best retirement here.

When, midst the changeful scenes of life, I wander'd through the dreary gloom All fortune's frowns and smiles I try'd, And her last frown decreed a tomb.

But hush! the world I must forget, Forget misfortune, foes, and friends; The mind to brighter regions soars, And acts and thinks for nobler ends.

TO THE MEMORY OF

THE LATE ÆDANUS BURKE, ESQ.

of South-Larolina.

Quiesco—ubi sæva indignatio, Ulterius cor lacerare nequit!

A land enslaved, his generous heart disdain'd Which tyrants fetter'd, and where tyrants reign'd : Disgusted there, he left the hibernian shore The laws that bound him, and the isle that hore.

Bold, open, free, he call'd the world his Preferr'd our new republies to a throne; And lent his aid their insults to repay, Repel the britons, and to win the day.

In every art of subtlety untaught, He spoke no more, than "just the thing! For justice warm, he spurn'd, with just d The mean evasion, and the law's chicane

Burke! to thy shade we pay this last add And only say what all, who knew, confer Your virtues were not of the milder kind. But rugged independence ruled your min And, stern in all that binds to honor's can No interest sway'd you to desert her lav

Then rest in peace, the portion of the ju Where Carolina guards your honor'd dus Beneath a tree, remote, obscure, you sle But all the sister virtues, round you, wee Your native worth, no tongue, no time as That last memorial, and the best remain

WRITTEN

AT POPLAR-HILL.—PENNSYLVANIA.

Arrived at Poplar-hill
A mansion strikes the eye,
Where health and pleasure dwell,
Love, peace, and harmony:
Though distant from the view,
Fond fancy brings it near,
Since, pensive Susan, you
Are gone to inhabit there.

New at her spinning wheel;
And now I see her stray
Where willows half conceal
My wonted, well known, way.
How happy shall he be,
More blest than on a throne,
To whom the heavens decree
That mansion for his own.

Her gardens form'd with care, From this enchanting height, Her trees, so fresh and fair, Are objects of delight: Manhattan's happy vales
Not so allure my heart;
And all description fails,
A likeness to impart.

Yond' hills, unknown to fame,
Their streams that never cease,
The meadows all proclaim
The golden age of peace.
Let others rove at will
More splendid scenes to see,
The view from Poplar-hill
Shall be the view for me.

ON THE

SYMPTOMS OF HOSTILITIES.

--1809---

But will they once more be engaged in a war,

Be fated to discord again?

A peace to the nations will nothing restore.

But the challenge of death and a deluge of gore:

A modern crusade

Is undoubtedly made:—

With treaties rejected, and treaties renew'd,

A permanent treaty they never conclude.

And who is to blame? we submissively ask—Did nature predestine this curse to mankind;
Or is it the cruel detestable task
That tyrants impose, with their minions combined?

We are anxious to know

The source of our wo In a world where the blessings of nature abound Why discord, the bane of her blessings, is found.

Must our freedom, our labors, our commerce, our all Be tamely surrender'd, to tyrants convey'd;

Must the flag of the country disgracefully fall,

To be torn by the dogs of the slaughtering trade?

Does no one reply,

With a tear in his eye.

It must be the case, if we do not resent
What monarchs have menaced and tyranny meant.

Not a ship, or a barque, that departs from the shore
But her cargo is plunder'd, her sailors are slain,
Or arriving in England, we see them no more,
Condemn'd in the court of deceit and chicane,
Where their wicked decrees

And their costs and their fees Have ruin'd the merchant—mechanics half fed, And sailors uncaptured are begging their bread.

To reason with tyrants is surely absurd;
To argue with them is to preach to the deaf:
They argue alone by the length of the sword;
Their honor the same as the word of a thief.

In such to confide

When a cause they decide,

Is the wolf and the lamb (if the tale we recall)

Where the weakest and meekest must go to the wa-

But an englishman's throat is expanded so wide

Not the ocean itself is a mess for his maw:

And missions there are, and a scoundrel employ'd

To divide, and to rule by the forentine lass':

New-England must join

In the knavish design,

As some have predicted to those who believe 'ess'

-The event is at hand—may the devil deceive 'ess'

With an empire at sea and an empire on land,
And the system projected, monopolization,
The western republic no longer will stand
Than answers the views of a desperate nation,
Who have shackled the east,
Made the native a beast,
And are scheming to give us—the matter is clear.
A man of their own for the president's chair.

Then arouse from your slumbers, ye men of the west,

Already the indian his hatchet displays;
Ohio's frontier, and Kentucky distrest;
The village, and cottage, are both in a blaze :Then indian and english
No longer distinguish,

* Nicholas Machiavel's maxim, divide et impera; divide est zovern. He was a native of Florence, in Italy

They bribe, and are bribed, for a warfare accurst; Of the two, we can hardly describe which is worst.

In the court of king Hog was a council convened, In which they agreed we are growing too strong: They snuffled and grunted, and loudly complained The sceptre would fall, if they suffer'd it long;

To cut up our *trade*Was an object, they said,

The nearest and dearest of all in their view;

The nearest and dearest of all in their view; Not a fish should be caught if old England said, No!

Then arouse from your slumbers, ye men of the west,

A war is approaching, there's room to suppose; The rust on your guns we abhor and detest,
So brighten them up—we are coming to blows.

With the queen of the ocean The prop of devotion,

The bulwark of all that is truly divine; A motto she often has put on her sign.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO MR. JEFFERSON,

On his retirement from the presidency of the United States.—1809.

Præsenti tibi maturos largimur honores-HOR.

To you, great sir, our heart felt praise we give,

And your ripe honors yield you—while you live.

At length the year, which marks his course, expires,

And JEFFERSON from public life retires;
That year, the close of years, which own his claim,
And give him all his honors, all his fame.
Far in the heaven of fame I see him fly,
Safe in the realms of immortality:
On EQUAL WORTH his honor'd mantle falls,
HIM, whom Columbia her true patriot calls;
Him, whom we saw her codes of freedom plan,
To none inferior in the ranks of man.

When to the helm of state your country call'd No danger awed you and no fear appall'd;

Each bosom, faithful to its country's claim,

Hail'd JEFFERSON, that long applauded name;

All, then, was dark, and wrongs on wrongs accrued Our treasures wasted, and our strength subdued; What seven long years of war and blood had gain'd, Was lost, abandon'd, squander'd, or restrain'd: Britannia's tools had schemed their easier way, To conquer, ruin, pillage, or betray; Domestic traitors, with exotic, join'd, To shackle this last refuge of mankind; Wars were provoked, and FRANCE was made our foe, That George's race might govern all below, O'er this wide world, uncheck'd, unbounded, reign, Seize every clime, and subjugate the main.

All this was seen—and rising in your might, By genius aided, you reclaim'd our right, That RIGHT, which conquest, arms, and valor gave To this young nation—not to live a slave.

And what but toil has your long service seen?

Dark tempests gathering o'er a sky serene—

For wearied years no mines of wealth can pay,
No fame, nor all the plaudits of that day,
Which now returns you to your rural shade,
The sage's heaven, for contemplation made,
Who, like the ROMAN, in their country's cause

Exert their valor, or enforce its laws,
And late retiring, every wrong redress'd,
Give their last days to solitude and rest.

This great reward a generous nation yields. REGRET attends you to your native fields; Their grateful thanks for every service done, And hope, your thorny race of care is run.

From your sage counsels what effects arise? The vengeful briton from our waters flies; His thundering ships no more our coasts assail, But seize the advantage of the western gale. Though bold and bloody, warlike, proud, and fiere. They shun your vengeance for a MURDERED PEARC And starved, dejected, on some meagre shore, Sigh for the country they shall rule no more.

Long in the councils of your native land,
We saw you cool, unchanged, intrepid, stand;
When the firm congress, still too firm to yield,
Stay'd masters of the long contested field,
Your wisdom aided, what their counsels framed—
By you the murdering savages were tamed—
That INDEPENDENCE we had sworn to gain,
By you asserted (nor DECLARED in vain)
We seized, triumphant, from a tyrant's throne,
And Britain totter'd when the work was done.

You, when an angry faction vex'd the age,
Rose to your place at once, and check'd their rage;
The envenom'd shafts of malice you defied,
And turn'd all projects of revolt aside:

We saw you libeli'd by the worst of men,
While hell's red lamp hung quivering o'er his pen,
And fiends congenial every effort try
To blast that merit which shall never dic—

These had their hour, and traitors wing'd their flight,

To aid the screechings of distracted night.

Vain were their hopes—the poison'd darts of helf, Glanced from your flinty shield, and harmless fell.

All this you bore—beyond it all you rose,
Nor ask'd despotic laws to crush your foes.
Mild was your language, temperate though severe;
And not less potent than ITRURIEL's spear
To touch the infernals in their loathsome guise,
Confound their slanders and detect their lies.

All this you braved—and, now, what task remains,

But silent walks on solitary plains:

To bid the vast luxuriant harvest grow,

The slave be happy and secured from wo—

To illume the statesmen of the times to come

With the bold spirit of primeval Rome;

To taste the joys your long tried service brings,

And look, with pity, on the cares of kings:

Whether, with newton, you the heavens explore.

And trace through nature the creating power,

Or, if with morals you reform the age,

(Alike, in all, the patriot and the sage)

May peace and soft repose, attend you, still,

In the lone vale, or on the cloud-capp'd hill,

While smiling plenty decks the abundant plain,

And hails astrea to the world again.

STANZAS

ON THE DECEASE OF THOMAS PAINE, WHO DIED AT NEW-YORK, ON THE 8TH OF JUNE, 1809.

Princes and kings decay and die
And, instant, rise again:
But this is not the case, trust me,
With men like THOMAS PAINE.

In vain the democratic host
His equal would attain:
For years to come they will not boast
A second Thomas Paine.

Though many may his name assume;
Assumption is in vain;
For every man has not his plume—
Whose name is Thomas Paine.

Though heaven bestow'd on all its sons
Their proper share of brain,
It gives to few, ye sim ple oes,
The mind of Thomas Paine.

To tyrants and the tyrant crew, Indeed, he was the bane;

THOMAS PAINE.

He writ, and gave them all their due, And signed it,—THOMAS PAINE.

Oh! how we loved to see him write
And curb the race of Cain!
They hope and wish that Thomas P

May never rise again.

What idle hopes!—yes—such a man May yet appear again.—— When they are dead, they die for aye; —Not so with Thomas Paine.

THE BLASTS OF NOVEMBER:

Occasioned by a fatal accident on the Hudson,

I saw a barque, on Hudson's wave that flies, Yield to the blast, that rends the autumnal skies. As from the shore she took her dangerous way Rude gloom'd the sky, and blustering was the day. With pain I saw the shivering sail depart, The blast, too powerful, mock'd the steersman's art In vain the helm by wary hands was held, No care protected when the storm assail d.

The darkening cloud, with maddening fury, past Struck at the sail, and bent the quivering mast,— No more the barque her trembling charge or save.

But dipp'd her pinions in the briny wave:
Then all was horror, stricks, abounding wo,
The grave presented in the depth below:
Our worthy man there met a fate severe,
Snatch'd from the embrace of all he valued here
Left all behind, that could engage his love,
With not one farewell, at this last remove.

Ye who on Hudson's changeful waters sail. (And oft too beedless of the autumnal gale) Far more secure the enterprise, we deem, To cut the vielding wave by force of steam, Let FTL TOX'S art, unrivall'd art, prevail, Nor trust existence to the treacherous sail. Since he applies the powers that nature gave. Disarms, and smooths the dark malimant wave. Prefer his plan to all the sail supplies: As he arranged, the waves may round you risk Waste all their foam, and not one fear impart: The height, the beauty, and the pride of art. On his firm decks you may all safety find. And scorn the impulse of the unbridled wind: See Negtune's-cor, a floating palace, more To beed no danger from the blasts above : No tides delay her, and no storms alarm, The power of steam can every blast dimens :-Be such your choice—on such a barque rely, And death and danger on the wave dely.

THE

TOMB OF THE PATRIOTS.

Quæ Tiberine, videbis
Funera, cum, tumulum præter labore recentum! vire.

When Philip's son possess'd his native lands d train'd on grecian fields his grecian bands, Thebes subdued, or Athens near her fall, saw no honor, or despised it all. be reduced to universal sway world's vast prospect in perspective lay;—nile yet restricted to Larissa's plain cursed his fortune for a lot so mean, all his steps the gloom of sadness hung, at fortune's whim restrain'd to such a floor, ad done so little, and might do no more.

Trantile Tyre his laboring mind oppress'd, se persian throne deprived his soul of rest—

Iccasioned by the general procession of many thousands of tizeus of New-York on the 26th of May 1808, to inter the and skeletons of american prisoners who perished in the ersey, and other prison ships, during the revolutionary and which were now first discovered by the wasting of the sand brake on Lang-Island, where they had been left:

The darkening cloud, with maddening fury, pass d. Struck at the sail, and bent the quivering mast,—

No more the barque her trembling charge could save.

But dipp'd her pinions in the briny wave:
Then all was herror, shrieks, abounding wo,
The grave presented in the depth below:
One worthy man there met a fate severe,
Snatch'd from the embrace of all he valued here;
Left all behind, that could engage his love,
With not one farewell, at this last remove.

Ye who on Hudson's changeful waters sail, (And oft too heedless of the autumnal gale) Far more secure the enterprize, we deem, To cut the yielding wave by force of steam, Let FULTON's art, unrivall'd art, prevail, Nor trust existence to the treacherous sail. Since he applies the powers that nature gave, Disarms, and smooths the dark malignant wave, Prefer his plan to all the sail supplies: As he arranged, the waves may round you rise; Waste all their foam, and not one fear impart: The height, the beauty, and the pride of art. On his firm decks you may all safety find. And scorn the impulse of the unbridled wind: See Neptune's-car, a floating palace, move To heed no danger from the blasts above : No tides delay her, and no storms alarm, The power of steam can every blast disarm :-Be such your choice—on such a barque rely. And death and danger on the wave dely.

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When Philip's son possess'd his native lands
And train'd on grecian fields his grecian bands,
In Thebes subdued, or Athens near her fall,
He saw no honor, or despised it all.
To be reduced to universal sway
The world's vast prospect in perspective lay;—
While yet restricted to Larissa's plain
He cursed his fortune for a lot so mean,
On all his steps the gloom of sadness hung,
And fierce resentment all his bosom stung
That fortune's whim restrain'd to such a floor,
Had done so little, and might do no more.
Mercantile Tyre his laboring mind oppress'd,
The persian throne deprived his soul of rest—

^{*}Occasioned by the general procession of many thousands of the citizeus of New-York on the 26th of May 1808, to inter the bones and skeletons of smerican prisoners who perished in the old Jersey, and other prison ships, during the revolutionary war: and which were now first discovered by the wasting of the shores and brake on Lang-Island, where they had been lift:—

The world his stage, he meant to play his part, And unsubjected *India* gall'd his heart!

Look to the east where Tamerlane display'd His crescent* moons and nations prostrate laid. March where he would, the world before him bow'd In conquest mighty, as of conquest proud—— What was the event? let tragic story tell While sad sensations in the bosom swell— What were the effects? in every step we trace The wasteful havoc of a royal race. Once fertile fields a howling desert made The town in ashes, or the town decay'd. Degraded man to native wildness turn'd. His prospects clouded and his commerce spurn'd-If such the outset of this mad career What will the last disgusting scene appear. Of all he conquer'd, when no more remains Than vagrant subjects, or unpeopled plains!

Thus, when ambition prompts the ardent mind, The soul, eccentric, frantic, unconfined, To peace a stranger, soars to heights unknown, And, slighting reason, yields the will to none; Mere passion rules, degrading powers prevail, And cool reflection quits the unbalanced scale. It leaves the haunts of bappiness and rest To float on winds, disorder'd and unblest.

^{*} The three crescent moons in the turkish military standard. which had their origin, it is said, from the asiatic Tartars. To surface (or Tamerlane) was of tartarian extraction.

Quits all the calm that nature meant for man To find some prize, or form the aspiring plan; That plan ungain'd, the object cheats the view. Or. if attain'd, they other marks pursue; Till all is closed in disappointment's shade And folly wonders at the flight she made: Ambition's self finds every prospect vain, The visions vanish, and the glooms remain.

And such the vice, with nations as with man, Such the great failing since the world began: To power exalted, as to power they rose By honest toils, and humbling all their foes; That zenith gain'd, they covet vast domains And all, that pride from vast possession gains, Till glittering visions bring the uneasy sigh And uncontrol'd dominion blasts the eye.

Britain! we cite you to our bar, once more;
What but ambition urged you to our shore?—
To abridge our native rights, seven years you strove;
Seven years were ours your arm of death to prove,
To find, that conquest was your sovereign view;
Your aims, to fetter, humble, and subdue,
To seize a soil which not your labor till'd
When the rude native scarcely we repell'd,
When, with unbounded rage, their nations swore
To hurl the out-law'd stranger from their shore,
Or swell the torrent with their thousands slain
No more to approach them, or molest their reign.—

What did we ask?—what right but reason owns?
Yet even the mild petition met your frowns.
TOL. II.
D

Submission, only, to a monarch's will Could calm your rage, or bid your storm be still.

Before our eyes the angry shades appear
Of those, whose relics we this day inter:
They live, they speak, reproach you, and complain
Their lives were shorten'd by your galling chain:
They aim their shafts, directed to your breast,—
Let rage, and fierce resentment tell the rest.

These coffins, tokens of our last regard,

These mouldering bones your vengeance might have
spared.—

If once, in life, they met you on the main,
If to your arms they yielded on the plain,—
Man, once a captive, all respect should claim
That Britain gave, before her days of shame.
How changed their lot! in floating dungeons throws,
They sigh'd unpitied, and relieved by none:
In want of all that nature's wants demand,
They met destruction from some traitor's hand,
Who treated all with death or poison here,
Or the last groan, with ridicule severe.

A sickening languor to the soul returns
And kindling passion at the metive spurns:
The murders here, did we at length display
Would more than paint an indian tyrant's sway:
Then hush the theme, and to the dust restore
These, once so wretched near Manhattan's shore,
When tyrants ruled, whose hearts no mercy felt:
In blood they wallow'd as in death they dealt.

Thou who shalt come, by sad reflection taught,
To seek on Nassau's isle this lonely vault;
Think, when surveying this too gloomy scene,
Think what, had heaven decreed, you might have
been.

When, with the rest, you pass'd the weary hour Chain'd or subjected to some ruffian's power, Think, as you see the sad procession pass'd, Think what these are, and you must be at last.—

Learn, as you hope to find your heart's applause, To love your country and respect her laws; Revere the sages, who your rights explain'd Revere the patriots, who your cause sustain'd. Your country's HERO, rising to your view. Attend his precepts, and with care pursue, He first to shield you, raised his powerful arm. To honor steady as for freedom warm; When she relumed her half extinguish'd fire. Then, nor till then, did washington retire. And left a light, a radiance to display. And mark his efforts, when he led the way. When war's long waste your independence crown'd And Hudson heard th' invigorating sound! His as the task; to him the part assign'd To paralize the vultures of mankind.

Admit no tyrants, to debase your minds; Some selfish motive to all tyrants binds; If robed in ermine or in scarlet clad, The worst of idiots is a king run mad; And Rome's worst prince accomplish'd by a word No more, than by his councils, George the third!

How oft has rugged nature charged my pen With gall, to shed it on that worst of men, Who, dumb to all that reason might decide, Mankind, their reason, and their prayers defy'd: Who, firm to all that phrenzy could pursue, Explored the ancient world, to chain the new; And tired the despot, search'd each dark recess, And ransack'd hell, to find the hireling hesse:—Could he be here, a witness to this day, With calm delight he would this scene survey, Would see unmoved, with apathy of mind, The gaping vault, this havoc of mankind! Without a tear, these mouldering bones review, That fell by ruffian hands—employ'd by you.

His phrenzy, rampant with the right divine, Inspired a nation with a black design,
To blast with poison, like the wizard's spell,
And plant on man the characters of hell!—

Thou, who shalt come, of feeling mind possest,
And, heaven's first gift, the patriotic breast,
On this bleak coast, to tread the island plain,
Think, what revenge disgraced a monarch's reign!
Who, not content with wealth and power we gave,
Forgot the subject, to enthral the slave:
Such was his hope;—that hope to realize

He sent his myriads to demand the prize:

What were the splendid trophies he acquired?
Were these bleach'd bones the trophies he admired?

While passion fires, or kindred sorrows fall, Ask not, if this sequester'd cell is all, Is all that honors these collected bones?— Enough is done to stigmatize all thrones:

Ask not, while passion with resentment fires, Why to the skies no monument aspires?— Enough is done to rouse the patriot glow And bid the rising race your feelings know.

THE DUELLISTS.

Two hearty lads, and both accounted brave,
Some cause of quarrel had, one gambling night;
Not either would the other's pardon crave,
Then sent a challenge, and agreed to fight.

Both were, we heard, from fighting people sprung,
That loved a soldier, and profess'd the trade;
Both wish'd to show us, while their blood was young,
Beyond all doubt, that neither was afraid.

The seconds came, and took the usual stand,

To see them end their days, or end their spite;

Each pull'd the trigger, with a steady hand—

Both buffets took effect—and both were right.

ON

SEEING A BEAUTIFUL PRINT

OF

A SHIPWRECKED SAILOR

SITTING ON A ROCK.

O nimium cœlo et pelago confise sereno, Nudus in ignota, Palinure, sedebis arena !--vine.

"Was ever fortune, in this world, like mine!
Here, seated, shivering on the naked rock;
But why bewail my fortune, or repine!
Though wreck'd and wretched, all is for the best;
I dare the worst; and, like its flinty breast
Can meet my fate, and dare the rudest shock.

Storms round me rave, no friendly shelter near;
My patience gone, the little stock I had:
O Neptune! bid some friendly sail appear
To bear me hence; I care not to what shore,
To Greenland, Zembla, or to Labrador;
No shore too rugged for the sailor lad."

ON THE

BRITISH COMMERCIAL DEPREDATIONS.

As gallant ships as ever ocean stemm'd—
A thousand ships are captured, and condemn'd!
Ships from our shores, with native cargoes fraught,
And sailing to the very shores they ought:
And yet at peace!—the wrong is past all bearing;
The very comets* are the war declaring:
Six thousand seamen groan beneath your power,
For years immured, and prisoners to this hour:

Then England come! a sense of wrong requires
To meet with thirteen stars your thousand fires;
On your own seas the conflict to sustain,
Or drown them, with your commerce in the main!

True do we speak, and who can well deny,
That England claims all water, land, and sky
Her power expands—extends through every zone,
Nor bears a rival—but must rule alone.
To enforce her claims, a thousand sails unfurl'd
Pronounce their home the cock-pit of the world;

^{*} A large comet appeared for several months, about this time.

The modern Tyre, whose fiends and lions prowl.

A tyrant navy, which in time must howl.*

Heaven send the time—the world obeys her nod:
Her nods, we hope, the sleep of death forebode;
Some mighty change, when plunder'd thrones agree,
And plunder'd countries, to make commerce free.

ON THE

CAPTURE OF THE GUERRIERE,

Captain Dacres, August 19, 1812—by the Constitution, american frigate, capt. Hull.

AN IRREGULAR ODE.

Long the tyrant of our coast
Reign'd the famous Guerriere;
Our little uavy she defy'd,
Public ship and privateer:
On her sails in letters red,
To our captains were display'd
Words of warning, words of dread,

Howl, re ships of Tarshish, &c .- Ezehiel.

All, who meet me, have a care!

I am England's Guerriere.*

On the wide, Atlantic deep
(Not her equal for the fight)
The constitution, on her way,
Chanced to meet these men of might:
On her sails was nothing said,
But her waist the teeth displayed
That a deal of blood could shed,
Which, if she would venture near,
Would stain the decks of the Guerriere.

Now our gallant ship they met—
And, to struggle with John Bull—
Who had come, they little thought,
Strangers, yet, to Isaac Hull:
Better, soon, to be acquainted:
Isaac hail'd the lord's anointed—
While the crew the cannon pointed,
And the balls were so directed
With a blaze so unexpected;

Isaac did so maul and rake her
That the decks of captain Dacres
Were in such a woful pickle
As if death, with scythe and sickle,
With his sling, or with his shaft
Had cut his harvest fore and aft.

^{*} Female warrior, or amazon.

Thus, in thirty minutes ended,
Mischiefs that could not be mended:
Masts, and yards, and ship descended,
All to David Jones' locker—
Such a ship in such a pucker!

Drink about to the Constitution!
She perform'd some execution
Did some share of retribution
For the insults of the year
When she took the Guerriere.
May success again await her,
Let who will again command her
Bainbridge, Rodgers, or Decatur—
Nothing like her can withstand her,
With a crew, like that on board her
Who so boldly call'd "to order"
One bold crew of english sailors,
Long, too long our seamen's jailors,
Dacre' and the Guerriere!

2HT

VOLUNTEER'S MARCH.*

July, 1814.

Dulce est pro patria mori.

Ye, whom Washington has led, Ye, who in his footsteps tread, Ye, who death nor danger dread. Haste to glorious victory.

Now's the day and now's the hour; See the british navy lour, See approach proud George's power, England! chains and slavery.

Who would be a traitor knave?
Who would fill a coward's grave?
Who so base to be a slave?
Traitor, coward, turn and flee.

This little ode, with the addition of two new stansas is some what alte, mone of Robert Burns' compositions, and aging blied to an american occasion: the original being Bruce's supposed address to his army, a little before the battle of Bannock bourne.

Meet the tyrants, one and all;
Freemen stand, or freemen fall—
At Columbia's patriot call,
At her mandate, march away!

Former times have seen them yield, Seen them drove from every field, Routed, rnin'd, and repell'd— Seize the spirit of those times!

By oppression's woes and pains— By our sons in servile chains We will bleed from all our veins But they shall be—shall be free.

O'er the standard of their power Bid Columbia's eagle tower, Give them hail in such a shower As shall blast them—horse and man!

Lay the proud invaders low,
Tyrants fall in every foe;
Liberty's in every blow,
Forward! let us do or die.

THE

BATTLE OF STONINGTON.

ON THE SEABOARD OF CONNECTICUT :

In an attack upon the town and a small fort of two guns. by the Ramillies, seventy-four gun ship, commanded by sir Thomas Hardy; the Pactolus, 38 gun ship, Despatch brig of 22 guns, and a razes, or bomb ship .-August, 1814.

> Four gallant ships from England came Freighted deep with fire and flame. And other things we need not name, To have a dash at Stonington.

Now safely moor'd, their work begun; They thought to make the vankees run. And have a mighty deal of fun In stealing sheep at Stonington.

A deacon, then popp'd up his head And parson Jones's sermon read. In which the reverend doctor said That they must fight for Stonington.

70b. II.

A townsman bade them, next, attend
To sundry resolutions penn'd,
By which they promised to defend
With sword and gun, old Stonington.

The ships advancing different ways,
The britons soon began to blaze,
And put th' old women in amaze,
Who fear'd the loss of Stonington.

The yankees to their fort repair'd,

And made as though they little cared

For all that came—though very hard

The cannon play'd on Stonington.

The Ramillies began the attack,

Despatch came forward—bold and black—

And none can tell what kept them back

From setting fire to Stonington.

The bombardiers with bomb and ball, Soon made a farmer's barrack fall, And did a cow-house sadly maul That stood a mile from Stonington.

They kill'd a goose, they kill'd a hen,
Three hogs they wounded in a pen—
They dash'd away, and pray what then?
This was not taking Stonington.

The shells were thrown, the rockets flew, But not a shell, of all they threw, Though every house was full in view, Could burn a house at Stonington.

To have their turn they thought but fair;—
The yankees brought two guns to bear,
And, sir. it would have made you stare,
This smoke of smokes at Stonington.

They bored Pactolus through and through,

And kill'd and wounded of her crew

so many, that she bade adieu

T' the gallant boys of Stonington.

The brig Despatch was hull'd and torn—So rippled, riddled, so forlorn,
No more she cast an eye of scorn
On th' little fort at Stonington.

The Ramillies gave up th' affray

And, with her comrades, sneak'd away—

Such was the valor, on that day,

Of british tars near Stonington.

But some assert, on certain grounds, (Besides the damage and the wounds) It cost the king ten thousand pounds To have a dash at Stonington.

HEAVING THE LEAD:

A MARINE STORY, FOUNDED ON FACT.

As toward the land the galley flew,
'Though many a league she had to go
Before the shores would come in view,
The pilot told them, heave the lead!

The master saw no danger near;
The wind was fair, the sky was clear:
He said, what can the lubber fear?
Avast, my boys, dont heave the lead.

Thus folly rule when prudence fails:
The master said, go, trim the sails—
In ocean water, what avails
To wet the line, or heave the lead?

So onward with a steady breeze,
And all reclining at their ease
They scudded through the darken'd seas,
Not caring much about the lead.

At last, the sun, declining low,
A curtain on the waters threw,
And all was closing on the view;
A hint, no doubt, to beave the lead.

A sailor watch'd the passing wave,

And warning to his fellows gave,

"A tinge of green the waters have!

By heavens, tis time to heave the lead."

The captain shook his measured sand—
The log declared him far from land—
He said, "I'll venture my command
There is no bottom for the lead:

The sun has told me truth at noon,
My observations by the moon
Do all agree, that we shall soon
Have no occasion for the lead."

"Well, be it so, the pilot cry'd;
You are our sure and steady guide,
Your knowledge cannot be denied,
But let us, blockheads, heave the lead."

"By all the fish that swim the deep,
By all that on its bottom creep,
By all the winds that o'er it sweep,
You shall not, pilot, heave the lead!

"Tis I, who have the chief command,
Tis I conduct you to the land,
So, round about, the bottle hand,
And trouble not the line and lead."

They drank about, the galley flew,
And caution from the helm withdrew,
Till muddy-green the waters grew,
And no one cared about the lead!

At length, on Sable-island* shoals

The vessel struck, with twenty souls;

And o'er her decks the ocean rolls:

So much for heaving not the lead!

.0 ...

And yet, the fates were surely kind:
The ship to ruin was consign'd,
But twenty men their safety find
Where no one needs to heave the lead

Two months, and more, in hermit style
They govern'd this sequester'd isle
But thinking often all the while,
Tis best, in time, to heave the lead.

^{*} Its latitude is 44°2' N. L. long 60°20' west of the meridian of Greenwich. A settlement has lately been established on it from Halifax, from which it lies eastwardly 120 miles.

TO

THE LAKE SQUADRONS.

The brilliant task to you assign'd Asks every effort of the mind, And every energy, combined,

To crush the foe.

Sail where they will, you must be there i.

Lurk where they can, you will not spare

The blast of death—but all things dare

To bring them low.

To wield his thunders on Champlain, Macdonough leads his gallant train, And, his great object to sustain, Vermont unites

Her hardy youths and veterans bold From shelter'd vale and mountain cold, Who fought, to guard, in days of old Their country's rights.

That country's wrongs are all your own,
And to the world the world is gone—
Her independence must to none,
Be sign'd away.

Be to the nation's standard true,
To Britain, and to Europe shew
That you can fight and conquer too,
And prostrate lay.

That bitter foe, whose thousands rise
No more to fight us in disguise,
But count our freedom for their prize,
If valor fails:

Beneath your feet let fear be cast, Remember deeds of valor past, And nail your colors to the mast And spread your sails.

In all the pride and pomp of war
Let thunders from the cannon roar,
And lightnings flash from shore to shore,
To wing the ball.

Let Huron from his slumbers wake, Bid Eric to his centre shake, Till, foundering in Ontario's lake, You swamp them all!

THE

PRINCE REGENT'S RESOLVE.

The regent prince, enraged to find
The standard from his frigates torn,
To a full court thus spoke his mind,
With hand display'd and soul of scorn,
"Since fate decreed Napoleon's fall,
Now, now's the time to conquer all!

- "We at the head of all that's great,
 Tis ours to hold the world in awe:
 Let Louis reign in regal state,
 And let his subjects own his law;
 Their tide of power tis ours to stem—
 We'll govern those who govern them.
- "But here's the rub, and here's my grief;
 My frigates from the seas are hurl'd!
 What shall we do? how find relief?
 How strike and stupefy the world?
 Our flag, that long control'd the main,
 Our standard must be raised again.
- "A land there lies towards the west, There must my royal will be done;

That land is an infernal nest
Or reptiles, rul'd by MADISON:
That nest I swear to humble down,
There plant a king, and there a crown."

"Depart, my fleet, depart, my slaves,
Invade that nest, attack and burn;
Where'er the ocean rolls his waves,
Subdue, or dare not to return;
Subdue and plunder all you can;
Who plunders most—shall be my man.

"To scatter death. by fire and sword,
To prostrate all, where'er you go:
That is the mandate, that the word,
Though seas of blood around you flow:
No more!—go. aid the indian yell:
Be conquerors, and I'll feed you well.

So spoke the prince; but little knew
His minions were for slaughter fed;
Nor sid he guess, that vengeance, too,
Would fall on his devoted head;
When all his plans and projects fail,
And he ascends Belshazzar's scale.*

^{*} Mene mene, Tekel, Peres!—thou art weighed in the balance, and art found wanting!—Daniel.

PARDAE AND SHAM-FIGHT:

, PINE FOREST PICTURE-ON A TRAINING DAY.

invictaque bello		
Dextera! nou illi se quisquam	impune	tulisset
Obvius armato——		VIRE

The drum was beat, the flag display'd,
The soldiers met upon parade,
And all for action ready made
With loud hussa!

When forth a stately figure strode,
Of stature such, of such a mode,
As those who lived before the flood,
If stuff'd with straw.

His vigor seem'd by years unbroke; But then his phiz had such a look, As if preserved in Etna's smoke For half an age. God help us all to look our best!
This man was captain of the rest,
And valor seem'd to fire his breast
With martial rage.

His horse was of an iron grey;
(A prancing steed he rode that day,)
Not of the bold virginian breed,
Nor yet remote from Quixote's steed.

This chief was of the bullet mould;
To meet the conflict, firm and bold,
His coat was patch'd, his boots new soal'd,
Ham stuff'd his maw:

Two pounds of powder fill'd his horn, His pantaloons were old and worn, A cap and hat his head adorn— The chapeau bras.

With vengeance heated, long in store, He sallied forth, a man of war; And all that meet him, pray take care Of rusty pikes.

He had no helmet for the head, But death and ruin near him tread, And slaughter, in a suit of red, That deadly strikes. A blanket from his shoulders hung, Three dollars in his pockets rung, And to his thigh a faulchion clung, That made us quake:

A veteran in the fighting trade!
The owner of so keen a blade!
Do not provoke him, man or maid,
For mercy's sake.

O could you but one furlong ride With such a faulchion at your side, Your bosom would for glory beat And show Napoleon all complete!

Two pistols, to his girdle tied,
Foreboded vengeance, far and wide,
To all that were not on our side,
With heart and hand.

Accounted thus, with martial air,
He gave the warning word, "Take care!"
And, in a moment, all was war,
Sublime and grand.

They march'd, and march'd, as thick as bees, Then march'd towards a clump of trees; And " blaze away!" the leader says— "Each take his aim! "Who wounds a tree can kill a man—
"If you but practise on that plan,
"The britons shall go home again
With grief and shame!"

Not Philip's famed, unrivall'd son, For Greece subdued, or India won, Not Cockburn, burning *Washington*, Look'd so elate:

Not Bonaparte, on Egypt's sands
With such importance gave commands,
With such discretion train'd his bands,
Assumed such state!

Not Casar, when he pass'd the Rhine,
Not Marlborough leading up his line,
Not PERRY, when he said, "they're mine!"
Put on such airs:—

As now were shown to front and rear When victory seem'd to hover near. Indeed not purchased very dear— No wounds nor scars.

Departing from the norman shore, | Not William such a feature wore When England hail'd him converor, With loud acclaim: Not Fulton, when his steam he try'd, And Neptune's car stemm'd Hudson's tide Felt such a generous glow of pride

For well earn'd fame.

That day Cornwallis met his fate, Not Washington felt half so great When tow'rd him flew the gallic fleet To share his smile:

Not conquest had for Gates such charms
When, yielding to the victor's arms,
He bade Burgoyne resign his arms,
In soldier's style.

Not Ajax' self, with such a grace
Gave orders to attack a place;
Not Hannibal with holder face
Approach'd old Rome,—

When marching for the Tiber shore,
He yet his alpine jacket wore,
And hoped to sweep the senate floor,
And fix their doom:

Not Purker,* when he cross'd the bar Of Charleston with his men of war, Was, near fort Moultrie, half so sure Of victory gain'd:

fir Peter Parker, it is well remembered, attacked fort Moulon Sullivan's Island, in 1776, and after a sanguinary action, repulsed with great loss.

Not Parker, when departing thence So shatter'd—at the king's expense— Was so provoked at the defence, Felt so chagrined,

As did our chief (no captain Brag)
When he perceiv'd some worthless wag
Had stolen away the brandy keg—
Ah! loss indeed!

For this, he swore he would resign,
All future trust in man decline;
Of whom, at least, there was one swine,
They all agreed—

And cry'd " like hell his beart is black— Pursue him, boys, and scent his track, If drunk or dead, we'll have him back, This man of scum!"

Each took his mark, and hit a tree;
The battle's done!—all sober, we;
Huzza! we have the victory!
Then scamper'd home!

ON THE

BRITISH INVASION.—1814.

From France, desponding and betray'd, From liberty in ruins laid, Exulting Britain has display'd Her flag, again to invade us.

Her myrmidons, with murdering eye,
Across the broad Atlantic fly
Prepared again their strength to try,
And strike our country's standard.

Lord Wellington's ten thousand slaves,*

And thrice ten thousand, on the waves,

And thousands more of brags and braves

Are under sall, and coming

* Lord Wellington's army embarked on the river Garonne, is rance, in several divisions, for the invasion of the United States, nomiting, it was said, to sixty or seventy thousand men.

FRENEAU'S POEMS.

To burn our towns, to seize our soil,
To change our laws, our country spoil,
And MADISON to Elba's isle
To send without redemption.

In Boston state they hope to find
A yankee host of kindred mind
To aid their arms, to rise and bind
Their countrymen in shackles:

But no such thing—it will not do—At least, not while a JERSEY BLUE
Is to the cause of freedom true,
Or the bold Pennsylvanian.

A curse on England's frantic schemes!

Both mad and blind—her monarch dreams.

Of crowns and kingdoms in these climes,

Where kings have had their sentence

Though Washington has left our coast, Yet other Washingtons we boast, Who rise, instructed by his ghost, To punish all invaders.

Go where they will, where'er they land, This pilfering, plundering, pirate band, They liberty will find at hand To hurl them to perdition: If in Virginia they appear,
Their fate is fix'd, their doom is near,
Death in their front and hell their rear—
So says the gallant buckskin.

All Carolina is prepared,
And Charleston doubly on her guard;
Where, once, sir Peter badly fared,
So blasted by fort Moultrie.

If farther south they turn their views,
With veteran troops, or veteran crews,
The curse of heaven their march pursues
To send them all a-packing:

The tallest mast that sails the wave,
The longest keel its waters lave,
Will bring them to an early grave
On the shores of Pensacola.

TO AMERICA:

ON THE ENGLISH DEPREDATIONS ON THE AMERICA: COAST.

When Alfred held the english throne, And England's self was little known, Yet, when invaded by the Dane, He early faced them on the main.

That scythian race who ruled the sea— He soon pronounced their destiny; 'To leave his isle, to sheath the sword; Disgraced, defeated, and abhorr'd.

So now, these worse than danes appear To do their deeds of havoc here— For all they did in seasons past, The day of grief must come at last.

For plains, yet white with human bones, For murders past, no prayer atones; For ruin spread in former years, Not even the mitred clergy's tears.

Let us but act the part we ought,

And tyrants will be dearly taught

That they, who aid a country's claim,

Fight not for ribands, or a name.

Still hostile to the rights of man,

A deadly war, the english plan;
The gothic system will prevail,
To ruin where they can assail;
A war, where seas of blood may flow
To ornament their scenes of wo.

O Washington! thy honored dust The foe will not profane, we trust; Or if they do, will vengeance sleep, Or fail to drive them to the deep?

For shores well known, they shape their course, An english fleet, with all its force; A british fleet may soon appear To ravage all we counted dear.

Advancing swift, by beat of drum, Half England's dregs, or Scotland's scum; With these unite the indian tribes, Now hostile made by force of bribes—And they will dare the eagle's frown, Though half his force can put them down.

The envenom'd foe, inured to war, May scatter vengeance wide and far, Unless, to assert our country's right, All hearts resolve, all hands unite.

Let party feuds be hush'd, forgot, Past discord from the memory blot, And Britain, from our coasts repell'd, Shall rue the day she took the field.

The dart, to assail the english power, In time must reach that hostile shore, And red with vengeance, on its way, Their naval power in ruins lay.

The western world a blow must deal To let them know, and make them feel That much too long a plundering hag Has mortified all Europe's flag.

By wars and death while despots thrive What pity one remains alive!
By them the seeds of wars are sown,
By them, our lives are not our own.

Their deadly hate to freedom's growth,
To reason's light—that spurns them both,
That deadly hate predicts our doom,
And digs the pit for freedom's tomb.

Be not deceived—the league of kings, Confederate crowns, this warfare brings; These send their hosts to forge our chains, Harass our shores, renew their reigns.

At Pilnitz they who join'd to swear And wage with France wide wasting war Till freedom should her claims recall, And Louis reign, or myriads fall; At Pilnitz, with decided aim,
They form'd their schemes to blast our fame:
And, faithful now to what they swore,
Would, kings dismiss'd and thrones, restore.

Ye hearts of steel, observe these hosts! The odious train my soul disgusts; They rise upon the vultures wings To prop the tottering cause of kings.

Observe them well—through every grade They exercise the robber's trade; They sail upon a plundering scheme, They march, to give you sword and flame.

And burn you must, if, slow to act, You wait to see your cities sack'd, Yourselves enslaved, and all things lose That labor earns or wealth bestows; If slow to send your heated balls, Indignant, through their wooden walls.

O may you see their squadrons yield Their legions sink on every field; And new Burgoynes, to slaughter bred, Burgoynes, once more, in fetters led.

And may you see all foreign power Forever banish'd from your shore, And see disheartened tyrants mourn, And Britain to her hell return.

CONFLAGRATIONS AT WASHINGTON:

August 24, 1814.

Jam deiphobi dedit ampla ruinam,
Vulcano superante, domus ; jam proximus ardet
Ucalegon.

Now, George the third rules not alone. For George the vandal shares the throne. True flesh of flesh and bone of bone.

God save us from the fangs of both; Or, one a vandal, one a goth, May roast or boil us into froth.

Like danes, of old, their fleet they man And rove from Beerskebs to Dan, To burn, and heard us—where they can.

They say, at George the fourth's command
This vagrant host were sent, to land
And leave in every house—a brand.

An idiot only would require Such war-the worst they could desire-The felon's war—the war of fire.

The warfare, now, th' invaders make Must surely keep us all awake. Or life is lost for freedom's sake.

They said to Cockburn, " honest Cock ! To make a noise and give a shock Push, off and burn their navy dock :

" Their capitol shall be emblazed! How will the buckskins stand amazed. And curse the day its walls were raised !"

Six thousand heroes disembark-Each left at night his floating ark And Washington was made their mark.

That few would fight them—few or none-Was by their leaders clearly shown-And "down," they said, " with Madison !"

How close they crept along the shore! As closely as if Rodgers saw her-A frigate to a seventy-four.

A veteran host, by veterans led. With Ross and Cockburn at their head-They came—they saw—they burnt—and fied. VOL. II. G

But not unpunish'd they retired; They something paid, for all they fired, In soldiers kill'd, and chiefs expired.

Five hundred veterans bit the dust,
Who came, inflamed with lucre's lust.
And so they waste—and so they must.

They left our congress naked walls— Farewell to towers and capitols! To lofty roofs and splendid halls!

To courtly domes and glittering things, To folly, that too near us clings, To courtiers who—tis well—had wings.

Farewell to all but glorious war, Which yet shall guard *Potomac's* shore, And honor lost, and fame restore.

To conquer armies in the field Was, once, the surest method held To make a hostile country yield.

The mode is this, now acted on; In conflagrating Washington, They held our independence gone!

Supposing George's house at Kew Were burnt, (as we intend to do,) Would that be burning England too? Supposing, near the silver Thames We laid in ashes their saint James, Or Blenheim palace wrapt in flames;

Made Hampton Court to fire a prey, And meanly, then, to sneak away, And never ask them, what's to pay?

Would that be conquering London town?
Would that subvert the english throne,
Or bring the royal system down?

With all their glare of guards and guns, How would they look like simpletons, And not at all the *lion's sons!*

Supposing, then, we take our turn And make it public law, to burn, Would not old english honor spura

At such a mean insidious plan
Which only suits some savage clan—
And surely not—the english man!

A doctrine has prevail'd too long; A king, they hold. can do no nrong— Merely a pitch-fork, without prong:

But de'il may trust such doctrines, more,— One king, that wrong'd us, long before, Has wrongs, by hundreds, yet in store,

FRENEAU'S POEMS.

72

He wrong'd us forty years ago; He wrongs us yet, we surely know; He'll wrong us till he gets a blow

That, with a vengeance, will repay The mischiefs we lament this day, This burning, damn'd, infernal play;

Will send *one city* to the sky,
Its buildings low and buildings high,
And buildings—built the lord knows why;

Will give him an eternal check.
That breaks his heart or breaks his neck,
And plants our standard on Queence.

ON THE

LAUNCHING

OF THE

SEVENTY-FOUR GUN SHIP

INDEPENDENCE,

AT

CHARLESTOWN, NEAR BOSTON.

Our trade to restore as it stood once before
We have launched a new ship from the stocks,
Her rate is our first, and her force will, we trust,
Be sufficient to humble the hawks;
The hawks of old England we mean, dont mistake,
Some harpies of England our prizes we'll make.

INDEPENDENCE her name, independent our minds,
And prepared for the toils of the sea,
We are ready to combat the waves and the winds,
And fight till the ocean is free:
Then, away to your stations, each man on our list
Who, when danger approaches, will never be miss'd.

In asserting our rights we have rather been slow
And patient till patience was tired;
We were plunder'd and press'd ere we ventured a

Till the world at our patience admired,

And language was held, of contempt and disgrace,

And Europe mis-call'd us a pitiful race.

Twas time to arise in the strength of our might
When MADISON publish'd the war,
And many have thought that he would have been
right

Had he published it three years before; While France was unpester'd with traitors and knaves, Nor Europe poliuted with Wellington's slaves.

To arm for our country is never too late,

No fetters are yet on our feet;

Our hands are more free, and our hearts are as great.

As the best in the enemy's fleet:

And look at the list of their navy, and think,

How many are left, to burn, capture, and sink!

Let the nations of Europe surrender the sea,
Or crouch at the foot of a throne;
In liberty's soil we have planted her tree,
And her rights will relinquish to none:
Then stand to your arms,

Then stand to your arms,
Then stand to your arms—half the battle is done!

And bravely accomplish what valor begun.

The day is approaching, a day not remote,
A day with impatience we hail,
When Decatur and Hull shall again be affoat,
And Bainbridge commission'd to sail;
To raise his blockades, will advance on the foe,
And bulwark with BULL to the bottom shall go.

On the waves of Lake Erie we show'd the old brag We, too, could advance in a line, And batter their frigates and humble their flag; "I have met them," said Perry, "they're mine!" And so, my dear boys, we can meet them again On the waves of the sea, or the waves of Champlain.

To the new INDEPENDENCE then, pour out a glass,
And drink, with the sense of a man:
She soon will be ready, this pride of her class,
Sir Thomas* to meet on his plan:
He hates our torpedoes—then teaze him no more,
Let him venture his luck with our SEVENTY-FOUR.

Then stand to your arms, you shall ne'er be enslav'd, Let the battle go on till the nation is saved!

^{*} Sir Thomas Hardy, of the Ramillies 74.

A DIALOGUE

AT

WASHINGTON'S TOMB.

Genius. Who are these that lawless come
Washington! too near thy tomb?—
Are they those who, long before,
Came to subjugate this shore?—
Are they those whom he repell'd,
Captured, or imprison'd held?
Or the sons of these of old
Cast in nature's rudest mould,—
Dear Virginia, can it be?
What a stain is laid on thee!

Fills my swelling heart with care
How to wash away the stain,
How to be myself again.
From my breast the hero rose,
In my soil his bones repose:
But this insult to thy shade,
Washington, shall be repaid.

Genius. Dear Virginia! tell me how?—
Tell me not, or tell me now.
Can you wield the bolts of Jove,
Seize the lightnings from above?
Tear the mountain from its base
To confound this hated race,
Who, with hostile step, presume
To violate the honor'd tomb
Of my bravest, noblest son,
Of th' immortal Washington!

irginia. Not the artillery of the sky,

Not the vengeance from on high
Did I want, to guard my son,
I have lightnings of my own!

But I wanted———

Genius. ——Wanted what?

Tell me now, or tell me not.

irginia. Men, whom Washington had taught,
Men of fire, and men of thought,
All their spirits in a glow,
Ever ready for the foe;
Born to meet the hostile shock,
Sturdy as the mountain oak—
Active, steady, on their guard,
For the scene of death prepared;
Such I wanted—say no more;
Time, perhaps, may such restore.

Genius. By the powers that guard this spot,

Want them longer you shall not,
I, the patron of your land,
From this moment take command,
Kindle flames in every breast,
Thirst of vengeance for the past;
Vengeance, that from shore to shore
Shall dye your bay with english gore,
And see them leave their thousands slais,
If they dare to land again:
This is all I choose to say—
Seize your armour—let's away!

ROYAL CONSULTATIONS;

RELATIVE TO THE DISPOSAL OF

LORD WELLINGTON'S ARMY,

Said the goth to the vandal, the prince to the king.

Let us do a mad action, to make the world ring:

With Wellington's army we now have the means

To make a bold stroke and exhibit new scenes.

A stroke at the states is my ardent desire, To waste, and harass them with famine and fire; My vengeance to carry through village and town, And even to batter their capitol down.

The vandal then answer'd, and said to the goth,
Dear George, with yourself I am equally wroth:
Of Wellington's army dispose as you please,
It is best, I presume, they should go beyond seas;
For, should they come home, I can easily show
The hangman will have too much duty to do.

So, away came the bruisers, and when they came here

Some mischief they did, where no army was near:
They came to correct, and they came to chastise
And to do all the evil their heads could devise.

At Washington city, they burnt and destroy'd Till among the big houses they made a huge void; Then back to their shipping they flew like the wind, But left many more than five hundred behind Of wounded and dead, and others say, double; And thus was the hangman excused from some trouble.

Alexandria beheld them in battle array;
Alexandria they plunder'd a night and a day.
Then quickly retreated, with moderate loss,
Their forces conducted by Cockburn and Ross,

At Baltimore, next, was their place of attack; But Baltimore dreve them repeatedly back; There Rodgers they saw, and their terror was such, They saw they were damn'd when they saw him approach.

The forts were assail'd by the strength of their fleet, And the forts, in disorder beheld them retreat So shatter'd and crippled, so mangled and sore, That the tide of *Patapsco* was red with their gore.

Their legions by land no better succeeded— In vain they manoeuverd, in vain they paraded, Their hundreds on hundreds were strew'd on the ground,

Each shot from the rifles brought death or a wound. One shot from a buckskin completed their loss, And their legions no longer were headed by Ross!

Where they mean to go next, we can hardly devise,

But home they would go if their master was wise.

Yet folly so long has directed their course; Such madness is seen in the waste of their force, Such weakness and folly, with malice combined, Such rancor, revenge, and derangement of mind, That, all things considered, with truth we may say, Both Cochrane and Cockburn are running away.*

^{*} About this time, September, 1814, the admirals Cochrane and Cockburn quitted the coast of the United States in their respective flag ships.

To their regent, the prince, to their master the king ey are now on the way, they are now on the wing. tell them the story of loss and disaster, o begging a pension, the other a plaister. t them speed as they may, to us it is plain will patch up their hulks for another campaign, eir valor to prove, and their havoc to spread hen Wellington's army is missing or dead.

THE

BROOK OF THE VALLEY.

The world has wrangled half an age. And we again in war engage. While this sweet, sequester'd rill Murmurs through the valley still.

All pacific as you seem: Such a gay elysian stream ;-Were you always thus at rest How the valley would be blest.

But, if always thus at rest; This would not be for the best: H

H.

In one summer you would die,

And leave the valley parch'd and dry.

Tell me, where your waters go, Purling as they downward flow? Stagnant, now, and now a fall?— To the gulph that swallows all.

Flowing, peaceful, from your urn Are your waters to return?— Though the same you may appear, You're not the same we saw last year.

Not a drop of that remains— Gone to visit other plains, Gone, to stray through other woods, Gone, to join the ocean floods!

Yes—they may return once more
To visit scenes they knew before;
Yonder sun, to cheer the vale,
From the ocean can exhale

Vapors, that your waste supply, Turn'd to rain from yonder sky; Moisture, vapors, to revive And keep your margin all alive.

But, with all your quiet flow, Do you not some quarrels know! Lately, angry, how you ran! All at war—and much like man. When the shower of waters fell, How you raged, and what a swell! All your banks you overflow'd, Scarcely knew your own abode!

How you battled with the rock! Gave my willow such a shock As to menace, by its fall, Underwood and bushes, all:

Now you are again at peace:
Time will come when that will cease;
Such the human passions are;
—You again will war declare.

Emblem, thou, of restless man; What a sketch of nature's plan! Now at peace, and now at war, Now you murmur, now you roar;

Muddy now, and limped next, Now with icy shackles vext— What a likeness here we find! What a picture of mankind!

A CATY-DID.*

In a branch of willow hid
Sings the evening Caty-did:
From the lofty locust bough
Feeding on a drop of dew,
In her suit of green array'd
Hear her singing in the shade
Caty-did, Caty-did, Caty-did!

While upon a leaf you tread,
Or repose your little head,
On your sheet of shadows laid,
All the day you nothing said:
Half the night your cheery tongue
Revell'd out its little song,
Nothing else but Caty-did.

^{*}A well known insect, when full grown, about two inches in length, and of the exact color of a green leaf. It is of the genus cicada, or grasshopper kind, inhabiting the green foliage of trees and singing such a note as Cuty-did in the evening, towards autumn.

From your lodgings on the leaf
Did you utter joy or grief—?
Did you only mean to say,
I have had my summer's day,
And am passing, soon, away
To the grave of Caty-did:—
Poor, unhappy Caty-did!

But you would have utter'd more
Had you known of nature's power—
From the world when you retreat,
And a leaf's your winding sheet,
Long before your spirit fled,
Who can tell but nature said,
Live again, my Caty-did!

Live, and chatter Caty-did.

Tell me, what did Caty do?
Did she mean to trouble you?—
Why was Caty not forbid
To trouble little Caty-did?—
Wrong, indeed at you to fling,
Hurting no one while you sing
Caty-did! Caty-did! Caty-did!

Why continue to complain?
Caty tells me, she again
Will not give you plague or pain:—
Caty says you may be hid
Caty will not go to bed
While you sing us Caty-did.

Caty-did! Caty-did! Caty-did :

But, while singing, you forgot
To tell us what did Caty not:
Caty-did not think of cold,
Flocks retiring to the fold,
Winter, with his wrinkles old;
Winter, that yourself foretold
When you gave us Caty-did.

Stay securely in your nest;
Caty now, will do her best,
All she can, to make you blest;
But, you want no human aid—
Nature, when she form'd you, said,
"Independent you are made,
My dear little Caty-did:
Soon yourself must disappear
With the verdure of the year,"—
And to go, we know not where,
With your song of Caty-did.

ON THE

LAKE EXPEDITIONS.

Where Niagara's awful roar Convulsive shakes the neighboring shore, Alarm'd I heard the trump of war, Saw legions join!

And such a blast, of old, they blew,
When southward from st. Lawrence flew
The indian, to the english true,
Led by Burgoyne.

United, then, they sail'd Champlain,
United now, they march again,
A land of freedom to profane
With savage yell.

For this they scour the mountain wood;
Their errand, death, their object, blood:
For this they stem thy subject flood,
Ostream Sorel!

Who shall repulse the hireling host,
Who force them back through snow and frost,
Who swell the lake with thousands lost,
Dear freedom? say!—

Who but the sons of freedom's land,
Prepared to meet the bloody band;
Resolved to make a gallant stand
Where lightnings play.

Their squadrons, arm'd with gun and sword,
Their legions, led by knight and lord
Have sworn to see the reign restored
Of George, the goth;

Whose mandate, from a vandal shore,
Impels the sail, directs the oar,
And, to extend the flames of war,
Employs them both,

RETALIATION,

A MARINE ODE.

--1814.--

." Ye powers who rule the western gale. Not for the golden fleece we sail, Nor left on wild ambition's plan, But vengeance gathers man with man.

For wrongs which wearied patience bore, For slighted rules of legal war, We rewour flag, our sails display, And east north east explore our way.

Let some assert, ten thousand pounds Would place our feet on british grounds, And orge us onward to saint James To wrap his palaces in flames:

A motive of so mean a cast Allures no mind, excites no breast; From such reward we loathing turn And would at such a proffer spurn.

No—to retaliate on the foe, Free-will'd, we independent go, Our ship well mann'd, in war's attire, To light the skies with english fire.

١.

November comes! tis time to sail, The nights are long and brisk the gale, And England, soon, the odds may prove Between our hatred and our love."

ON THE

NAVAL ATTACK NEAR BALTIMORE,

SEPTEMBER 14, 1814.

The sons of old ocean advanced from the bay
To achieve an exploit of renown:
And Cochrune and Cockburn commanded, that day,
And meant to exhibit a tragical play,
Call'd, The plunder and burning of Baltimore
town.

The scenes to be acted were not very new,
And when they approach'd, with their rat-tat-too,
As merry as times would allow,
We ran up the colors to liberty true,
And gave them a shot, with a tow-row-dow.

By land and by water how many have fail'd In attacking an enemy's town, But britons they tell us, have always prevail'd Wherever they march'd, or wherever they sail'd, To honor his majesty's sceptre and crown: Wherever they went, with the trumpet and drum, And the dregs of the world, and the dirt, and the scum.

As soon as the music begun,
The colors were struck, and surrender'd the town
When the summons was given of down, down,
down!

But fortune, so fickle, is turning her tide,
And safe is old Baltimore town,
Though Cockburn and Cochrane, with Ross at their
side,

The sons of Columbia despised and defy'd,
And determined to batter it down;
Rebuff'd and repulsed in disgrace they withdrew,
With their down, down, down, and their rat-tat-toe,
As well as the times would allow:
And the sight, we expect, will be not very new
When they meet us again, with our tow-row-dow.

THE

SUTTLER AND THE SOLDIER.

"Who would refuse this cheering draught?"
The suttler said, and saying, laugh'd
The soldier, then, the liquor quaff'd,
And felt right bold.

The suttler soon foresaw the rest,
And thus the son of Mars address'd,
"This brandy is the very best
Of all I've sold.

"The journey you are bound to go,
In former times, I travell'd too,
When Arnold march'd, with lord knows whe,
To seize Quebec.

"And if he fail'd in that assault,
It was not, sure, the brandy's fault;
The best, at times, may make a halt,
Ay, break his neck.

" Now hear a dotard of your trade :— Of old I lived by flint and blade, But, disregarded and decay'd, I'm nothing now.

"This leaky shed is not my own,
And here I stay, unheard, unknown,
Poor Darby, and without a Joan,
Nor horse, nor cow.

"But mend your draught—I have more to say:— You now are young, and under pay; Be warn'd by me, whose hairs are grey; The time will come

'When you may find this trade of arms,
The march, that now your bosom warms,
Has little but illusive charms,
Mere beat of drum:

"But yet, in such a cause as this
I deem your ardor not amiss—
I know you are no hireling swiss;
Your country calls:

"And when she calls, you must obey;
For wages not—fig for the pay—
Tis honor calls you out this day
_To face the balls.

Of., 11.

FRENEAU'S POEMS.

" You have to go where George Provost Has many a soldier made a ghost, Where indians many a prisoner roast Or seize their scalps.

" And what of that ?-mere fate of war-God grant you may have better fare-Go, fight beneath a kinder star,

And scourge the whelps.

"They scarce are men-mere flesh and blood-Mere ouran-outangs of the wood. Forever on the scent of blood, And deers at heart.

"When men, like you, approach them nigh, They make a yell, retreat, and fly: On equal ground, they never try The warrior's art.

"Then dare their strength—at honor's call Explore the road to Montreal. To dine, perchance, in Drummond's hall, Perhaps in jail.

"Of all uncertain things below The chance of war is doubly so; For this I saw, and this I know;—

Yet, do not fail.

"To live, for months on scanty fare,
To sleep, by night in open air,
To fight, and every danger share;
All these await.

"Rut bear them all!—wherever led,
And live contented, though half fed:—
A couch of straw, and canvas shed
Shall be your fate!

"And mind the mark—remember me— When full of fight, and full of glee, Be of your brandy not too free :— Ay, mind the mark!

"Who drinks too much, the day he fights, Calls danger near, and death invites To dim, or darken all his lights;— His noon is dark!

"It is a friend in a stormy day;
Then brandy drives all care away,
But, over done, it will betray
The wisest sage.

"Then strictly guard the full canteen— Its power enlivens every scene, And helps to keep the soul serene When battles rage.

FRENEAU'S POEMS.

"This potent stuff, if managed well,
(And strong it is, the sort I sell)
Can every doubt and fear expel,
When prudence guides.

"Though mountains rise, or rocks intrude,
This nectar smooths the roughest road,
And cheers the heart, and warms the blood
Through all its tides.

"Then drink you this, and more," (he said, And held the pitcher to his head) "This drink of gods, when Canymede Hands round the bowl,

"Will nerve the arm, and bid you go
Where prowls the vagrant Eskimau,*
Where torpid winter tops with snow
The darken'd pole,—"

"Enough, enough!"—(the sergeant said)
Now, suttler, he must go to bed—
See! topsy-turvy goes his hear;
I hear him snort."

"Since I know where to get my pay
(The suttler answered rather gay)
No matter what I said, or say—
I've sold my quart."

The savage inhabitants of Labrador, or New-Britain.

ON

POLITICAL SERMONS.

When parsons preach on politics, pray why Should declamation cease, if you go by?

We heard a lecture, or a scold.

And, doubtful which it might be call'd,
But senseless as the bell that toll'd,
And pleasing neither young nor old.

We kept our seats amid the din,
Then quit the field, with all our sin,
Just as good as we went in.

Tell me what the preacher said, Ye, who somewhat longer stay'd Till the last address was made:—

Why,—he talk'd of ruin'd states, Demagogues and democrates, Falling stars, and satan's baits.

Did he mention nothing more ?— Simply, what he said before— Repetitions, twenty score. His arguments could nothing prove, His text alarm'd the sacred grove, His prayer displeased the powers above.

He would not pray for those who rule, But hoped that in *Bethesda's* pool They all might dip, to make them cool.

He deprecated blood and war, Its many mischiefs did deplore Except when England mounts the car.

At congress he had such a fling, As plainly show'd, he wish'd a king, Mig't here arrive, on Vulture's wing i

And that himself an horn might blow To shake our modern *Jericko*, And bring its ramparts very low.

To english notes his psalm was sung, With politics the pulpit rung, And thrice was bellow'd from his tongue, "The president is always wrong!

"He brought these evils on our land, And he must go—the time's at hand— With Bonaparte to take his stand."—

Must not the wheels of fate go on?

Must not the lion's teeth be drawn,

Because it suits not Prester John!—

A Bishop's Lawn is such a prize, Such virtue in a mitre lies, Democracy before it flies.

And these he hopes, if George prevails, In time may hoist his shorten'd sails And wast him on, with fortune's gales,

To gain by preaching, nett and clear, Some twenty hundred pounds a year; Which democrats would never hear.

To England why so much a friend, Or why her cause with heat defend?— There is, no doubt, some selfishmend.

Dear Momus come, and help me laugh— This England is the stay and staff Of true religion—more than half!

She is the prop of all that's good,

A bulwark, which for ages stood

To guard the path and mark the road!

One proof of which can soon be brought, The temple rais'd to Jaggernaut, * And India to his temple brought,

The temple of Jaggernaut, an idolatrous establishment in Into the support of which the english government contributed Iy. The unwieldy idol, to which the temple is dedicated. To see her murder'd, mangled sons, To worship idols, stocks, and stones, Or reliques of some scoundrel's bones.

And "long may heaven on England smile— (So says our preacher, all the while) The world's last hope, fast anchor'd isle!"—

Religion there is made no sport,
State tailors there have deckt her out
In a birth-day suit—to go to court!——

LINES ON

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

Napoleon, born for regal sway,
With fortune in a smiling mood,
To a foreign land explored his way,
Where Cairo stands, or Memphis stood.

is, on certain days, carried about the streets on a huge carriag under the wheels of which the superstitious multitude, it is sais suffer themselves to be trampled and crushed to pieces, by hur dreds, from a superstitious motive. If this be not fiction, may the british government exert its influence to eradicate so barbarous and bloody a superstition from the minds of millions of idolatrous tractions?!

And still he fought, and still she smiled,
And urged him far, and spurr'd him on,
And on his march, at length beguiled,
One thinking man to wear a crown.

The crown attracted many a care,

And war employ'd him, day and night;
He by a princess had an heir

Born to succeed him, or—who might.

Through russian tribes he forced his way,
To blast their hopes and hurl them down
Whose valor might dispute his sway,
Or dispossess him of a crown.

At last arrived the fatal time,
When powerful tyrants, jealous grown,
Agreed to count it for a crime
A commoner should fill a throne.

European states, with England join'd
To keep unmixt the royal race,
And let the famed Napoleon find
A dotard might supply his place,

DISMISSION OF BONAPARTE

FROM THE FRENCH THRONE.

Famed Bonaparte, in regal pride, Put slighted *Josephine* aside, And wedded an imperial bride, Of fortune sure.

But when he droop'd, and when he fell,
(I took my pen and mark'd it well)
This jilt of jilts, this austrian belle,
No longer styled him, Mon Amour;

Which means, I think, my dearest heart, My love!—but lovers often part When friendship does not point the dart, Nor fix the flame.

And warning, hence, let others take, Nor love's decree for interest break; In marriage, too much lies at stake To slight its claim. Retreating to the tuscan coast,

An empire, wife, and fortune lost,

He found the throne a dangerous post,

And wars a cheat;

Where all, who play their game too deep, Must hazard life, and discord reap, Or thrown from grandeur's giddy steep, Lament their fate.

Napoleon, with an empty chest!
An austrian princess must detest;
And yet, she wears upon her breast
The painted toy;*

And often weeps, the story goes,
That royal blood not wholly flows
In every vein, from head to toes,
Of her dear boy.

To Elba's isle she could not go— The royal orders said "No, no! On Elba's island we bestow No royal throne:"

And thus Napoleon, shoved from power, Has many a lonely gloomy hour To walk on Elba's sea-beat shore, Alone! alone!

A miniature picture of the late emperor Napoleon.

FRENEAU'S POEMS.

O save us from ambition's sway, Ye powers, who tread the milky way;

It will deceive, it will betray

Nine out of ten.

Napoleon's history let us read:
In science he was great indeed—
Ambition's lantern did mislead
This prince of men:—

And yet, ambition had its use,
It check'd the royal game of goose,
And many a flagrant vile abuse
Fell at his frown.

But, doom'd to share immortal fame, Despotic powers will dread his name, Though he, perhaps, was much the same, Raised to a throne!

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THE

BATTLE OF LAKE ERIE.

SEPTEMBER 10, 1813.

"To clear the lake of Perry's fleet
And make his flag his winding sheet
This is my object—I repeat—"
—Said Barclay, flush'd with native pride,
To some who serve the british crown:—
But they, who dwell beyond the moon,
Heard this bold menace with a frown,
Nor the rash sentence ratified.

Ambition so bewitch'd his mind,
And royal smiles had so combined
With skill, to act the part assign'd
He for no contest cared, a straw;
The ocean was too narrow far
To be the seat of naval war;
He wanted lakes, and room to spare,
And all to yield to Britain's law.

And thus he made a sad mistake;
Forsooth he must possess the lake,
As merely made for England's sake
To play her pranks and rule the roast;
you. II.

Where she might govern, uncontrol'd,
An unmolested empire hold,
And keep a fleet to fish up gold,
To pay the troops of George Provost.

The ships approach'd, of either side,
And Erie, on his bosom wide
Beheld two hostile navies ride,
Each for the combat well prepared:
The lake was smooth, the sky was clear,
The martial drum had banish'd fear,
And death and danger hover'd near,
Though both were held in disregard.

From lefty heights their colors flew,
And Britain's standard all in view,
With frantic valor fired the crew
That mann'd the guns of queen Charlotte.
"And we must Perry's squadron take,
And England shall command the lake;—
And you must fight for Britain's sake,
(Said Barclay) sailors, will you not?"

Assent they gave with heart and hand;
For never yet a braver band
To fight a ship, forsook the land,
Than Barclay had on board that day;—
The guns. were loosed the game to win,
Their muzzles gaped a dismal grin,
And out they pull'd their tompion pin,
The bloody game of war to play.

But Perry soon, with flowing sail,
Advanced, determined to prevail,
When from his bull-dogs flew the hail
Directed full at queen Charlotte.
His wadded guns were aim'd so true,
And such a weight of ball they threw,
As, Barclay said, he never knew
To come, before, so scalding hot!

But still, to animate his men
From gun to gun the warrior ran
And blazed away and blazed again—
Till Perry's ship was half a wreck:
They tore away both tack and sheet,—
Their victory might have been complete,
Had Perry not, to shun defeat
In lucky moment left his deck.

Repairing to another post,
From another ship he fought their host
And soon regain'd the fortune lost,
And down, his flag the briton tore:
With loss of arm and loss of blood
Indignant, on his decks he stood
To witness Erie's crimson flood
For miles around him, stain'd with gore 3

Thus, for dominion of the lake

These captains did each other rake,

And many a widow did they make;

Whose is the fault, or who to blame?

The briton challenged with his sword,
The yankee took him at his word,
With spirit laid him close on noard—
They're ours—he said—and closed the game.

THE

BATTLE OF LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

SEPTEMBER 11, 1814.

Between the british squadron, of 93 guns and 1050 mes, and the american fleet of 86 guns and 820 men. The Confiance, of 39 and the Sarat ga, of 26 guns, were the flag ships of the two commanders, Donnie and Macdonough.

Parading near saint Peter's flood
Full fourteen thousand soldiers stood;
Allied with natives of the wood,
With frigates, sloops, and galleys near;
Which southward, now, began to steer;
Their object was, Ticonderogue.

Assembled at *Missisqui* bay.

A feast they held, to hail the day,
When all should bend to british sway
From Plattsburgh to Ticonderogue.

And who could tell, if reaching there They might not other laurels share And England's flag in triumph bear To the capitol, at Albany!!!

Sir George advanced, with fire and sword, The frigates were with vengeance stored, The strength of Mars was felt on board,— When Downie gave the dreadful word, Huzza! for death or victory!

Sir George beheld the prize at stake,
And, with his veterans, made the attack,
Macomb's brave legions drove him back;
And England's fleet approach'd, to meet
A desperate combat, on the lake.

From isle La Motte to Saranac*
With sulphurous clouds the heavens were black;
We saw advance the Confiance,
Shall blood and carnage mark her track,
To gain dominion on the lake.

A river which rises from several small lakes among the ntains to the westward of Lake Champlain, and after a heasterly course of near seventy-five miles, enters the grand in the vicinity of Plattsburgh.

Then on our ships she pour'd her flame, And many a tar did kill or maim, Who suffer'd for their country's fame, Her soil to save, her rights to guard.

Macdonough, now, began his play,
And soon his seaman heard him say,
No Saratoga yields, this day,
To all the force that Britain sends.

"Disperse, my lads, and man the waist, Be firm, and to your stations haste, And England from Champlain is chased, If you behave as you'll see me."

The fire began with awful roar;
At our first flash the artillery tore
From his proud stand, their commodore,
A presage of the victory.

The skies were hid in fla e and smoke, Such thunders from the cannon spoke, The contest such an aspect took As if all nature went to wreck!

Amidst his decks, with slaughter strew'd, Unmoved, the brave Macdonough stood, Or waded through a scene of blood, At every step that round him stream'd: He stood amidst Columbia's sons, He stood amidst dismounted guns, He fought amidst heart-rending groans, 'The tatter'd sail, the tottering mast.

Then, round about, his ship he wore,

And charged his guns with vengeance sore,

And more than Ætna shook the shore—

The foe confess'd the contest vain.

In vain they fought, in vain they sail'd, That day; for Britain's fortune fail'd, And their best efforts nought avail'd To hold dominion on Champlain.

So, down their colors to the deck
The vanquish'd struck—their ships a wreck—
What dismal tidings for Quebec,
What news for England and her prince!

For, in this fleet, from England won,
A favorite project is undone:
Her sorrows only are begun—
And she may want, and very soon,
Her armies for her own defence.

ON THE

DEATH OF GENERAL ROSS:

Who had the principal command of the english army at the attack upon Bultimore, in which he fell, while out with a reconnoitering party.

Give them the shadow of the cypress bough!

The chief who came our prowess to defy,

Who came, to bind fresh laurels on his brow,

Who came, too sure to conquer not to die:

Low lies the chief upon th' unconscious plain,

The laurels wither, and no wreathes remain.

To kindle up your torch, ambition's flame
Heroic chief, had all its flames supplied;
A monarch's smiles, a never-dying name,
The historian's subject, and the soldier's pride;
Your native land with splendid trophies hung;
Joy sparkling in the eye, and praise from every tongue.

Deceived how much! a name alone remains,

Not yet complete in fame, nor ripe in years;—

What is the applause such thirst of glory gains,

Which not the grave regards or valor hears:

In war's wild tumult, for a name he died, He fell, the victim of a monarch's pride.

A country's rights, or freedom to defend
May sooth the anguish of a dying hour,
A ravaged land to succor or befriend,
To brave the efforts of a tyrant's power;
These may console, when mad ambition's train
fade from the view, or sooth the soul in vain.

ON THE

BRIGANTINE PRIVATEER PRINCE DE NEUFCHATEL,

Ordonneaux, commander, which arrived at Boston some time since, from a cruise of three months, chiefly in the english and irish channels, in which she captured thirteen or fourteen valuable prizes, to the amount, it was said, of more than a million of dollars.

Quid petis hic est. --- MARTIAL.

What is wealth, that men will roam, Risque their all, and leave their home, Face the cannon, beat the drum, And their lives so cheaply sell! Let them reason on the fact.
Who would rather think than act—
Their brains were not with morals rack'd.
Who mann'd the prince of Neufchatel.

Having play'd a lucky game, Homeward, with her treasure, came This privateer of gallant fame, Call'd the prince of Neufchatel.

Are the english cru.sers near?

Do they on the coast appear

To molest this privateer?—

—She shall be defedded welk

Soon a frigate hove in sight:—
As the wind was rather light,
She, five barges, out of spite,
Sent, to attack, with gun and blade.

On our decks stood rugged men, Little more than three times ten; And I tremble, while my pen Tells the havoc that was made.

Up they came, with colors red, One a stern, and one a head— Shall I tell you what they said?— Yankees! strike the buntin rag? Three were ranged on either side— Then the ports were open'd wide, And the sea with blood was dyed; Ruin to the english flag!

Now the angry cannons roar, Now they hurl the storm of war, Now in floods of human gere Swam the prince of Neuichatel!

Then the captain, Ordonneaux, Seconded the staman's blow, And the remnant of the foe Own'd the brig defended well.

For the million she contain'd He contended, sword in hand, Follow'd by as brave a band Of tars, as ever, trod a deck.

In these bloody barges, five, Scarce a man was left alive, And about the seas they drive; Some were sunk, and some a wreck.

Every effort that they made
With boarding pike, or carronade,
Every effort was repaid,
Scarcely with a parallel!

Fortune, thus, upon the wave, Crown'd the valor of the brave:— Little lost, and much to save, Had the prince of Neufchatel.

THE TERRIFIC TORPEDOES:*

OR,

SIR THOMAS HARDY'S SOLILOQUY.

"Then traitor come! as black revenge excites, Extinguish all our claims with all my lights! But keen remorse, which vengeful furies lead, Will act her part for this inhuman deed. How will her vultures on yound that prey! How will her stings our every death repay!—O nature! is all sympathy a jest; Art thou a stranger to the human breast? Has manly prowess quit the abandon'd stage, Are midnight plots the order of the age?

"Where proud New-London holds her flaming guide

To steer Decatur through the darksome tide,

* It is a fact well ascertained that during a great part of the summer of 1814. the knight was under such serious apprehensions of being blown up by the Torpedo men, that he enjoyed no sleep or rest for many nights together. With such feelings, and under such impressions, he is supposed to begin his soliloquy abruptly, mader all the emotions of horror, incident to such an occasion.

I stay too long! what station can I find To shake distraction from a tortured mind!

"Then, traitor, come! your dark attack begins Renown'd inventor of the black machine: But mark !—for when some future poet tells, Or some historian on the subject dwells. No word of praise shall meet the listening ear. Disgustful story, to repeat or hear-Was you, an infant, to a mother press'd, Or did ferocious tigers give the breast-Did nature in some angry moment plan Some fierce hyena to degrade the man? Resolve me quick, for doubtful while I stay These dark toruedoes may be on their way. Does nature u. is her heaviest curse impart And will she give such countenance to art ?--- 1 She gave you all that rancor could bestow, She lent her magic from the worldbelow; She gave you all that madness could propose, And all her malice in your bosom glows: She gave you sulphur, charcoal, nitre join'd; She gave you not—a great and generous mind."

So spoke the knight, and slamm'd the door,
And thus went on, with feelings sore:
"I relish not torpedo war:—
Die when I will, or where I may,
I would not choose so short a way:
These twenty nights I did my best
To shut my eyes, and take my rest,

But drowsy Morpheus might as well Upon the main mast try his spell. No potion from the poppy's leaf Can close my lids :-- and, to be brief. This Fulton, with his dashing plans, Distracts my head, my heart unmans: And, every night, I have my fears Of such infernal engineers; Who, when I sup, or could I sleep Might row their wherry through the deep. And screw their engine to the keel, And blow us-where there's no appeal; No question how, or where we died, But how we lived, and how applied The little sense our heads contain To save our souls, and live again.

"They, who support torpedo plans
Should have no plaudit for their pains;
Should be employ'd on dark designs,
Explorers of peruvian mines;
Such have not felt the patriot glow,
A feeling they could never know:
For treasons they were surely made,
Have princes slain and kings betray'd.—
Ye powers above! and must I wait
Till these prevail in every state,
Till pale disease, or shivering age
Drives such false patriots from the stage!

"The chaplain said he heard me snore, But many a fib he told before; And if I snored, I'm satisfied
Twas when my eyes were open wide.

"Torpedoes! who contrived the word? Torpedoes! worse than gun or sword! They are a mode of naval war We cannot have a relish for:— In all the chronicles I read Of former times, they nothing said Of such a horrible machine That would disgrace an algerine, And only yankees would employ, Not to distress, but to destroy.

"What human eye, without dismay Can see torpedo-lightning's play? What mortal heart, but dreads a foe That fights unseen from fields below!

What passion must that heart inspire That dives the sea, to deal in fire, What can be fear, I trembling ask Who undertakes the daring task?

"With engines of perdition spread, Amazed, I see the ocean's bed!

And find with rage, regret, despair,
I have no power to meet them there!

"Alack! my nerves are on the rack— They're hammering at the garboard streak! Some yankee dog is near the keel! Mo. sailors give the ship a heel: Go, chaplain, to the starboard chains
And ask the rascal what he means?
Who knows but Fulton's self is there
With all his dark infernal gear:
Who knows but he has fix'd his screws,
And left a match, to fire the fuze—
Who knows, but in this very hour,
The Ramillies will be no more!
Will only live in empty fame,
And I, myself, be but a name!

"Should the torpedo take effect,
Her carcass will be worse than wreck'd;
In scatter'd fragments to the sky
This ship of ships will clattering fly:
And then—ah, chaplain!—ah, what then!
Where will I be, and all my men?
And where will you a lodging find,
A traveller on a gale of wind!
And where will be the pretty maid
That sweeps my floor and makes my bed?

Oh Fanny, Fanny! must we part?—
Torpedoes!—I am sick at heart!—
How will the flames those lips deface!
How will they spoil that blooming face!
How will they scorch your auburn hair—?
—You'll have your plagues, and I my share.

And must I all my fears impart;
And do these guns my ship ensure?

And must I ask my fluttering heart
If on these decks I stand secure?

"Do, Fanny, go and boil some tea: Come hither, love, and comfort me: A glass of wine! my spirits sink!
The last perhaps that I shall drink!—Or go—unlock the brandy case
And let us have a dram a piece;—No matter if your nose is red,
We shall be sober when we're dead.

"In fancy's view the mine is sprung,
The rudder from the stern unhung,
My valiant sailors torn asunder,
The ship herself a clap of thunder,
From fathoms down, a deadly blast
Unbolts the keel, unsteps the mast,
While Fullon, with a placid grin
Exulting, views the infernal scene!

The sails are vanish'd, tack and clue,
The rigging burnt, by lord knows who,
The star that glitter'd on my breast
Is gone to Davy Jones's chest;
The glorions ensign of st. George,
Of Spain the dread, of France the scourge,
Is from the staff, unpitied, torn
And for a cloak by satan worn:
The Lion, mounted on the prow,
To awe the subject sea below
With flames that Lion is oppress'd—
They will not spare the royal beast.—
O vengeance! why does vengeance sleep?—
The yards are scatter'd o'er the deep,

Our guns are buried in the seas,

And thus concludes the Ramillies!

"The world, I think, can witness bear My name was never stain'd by fear: At least the british fleet can say I never shunn'd the face of clay: But Fulton's black, infernal art— Has stamp'd me—coward—to the heart!

"When Nelson met the spanish fleet,
And every pulse for conquest beat;
At Nelson's side I had my stand;
When Nelson fell I took command:
Not Etna's self, with all her flames—
Vesuvius—such description claims;
Not Hecla, in her wildest rage,
Does with such fires the heavens eugage,
As on that day, in mourning clad,
Was thunder'd from the Trinidad.*

"And yet, amidst that awful scene,
I stood unhurt, composed, serene;
Though balls, by thousands, whistled round,
Not one had leave to kill or wound—
But here! in this torpedo war
I perish, with my glittering star,
The laurels that adorn my brow—
My laurels are surrender'd now.

*The Santa Trinidada, the spanish admiral's ship, of 112 guns from the misen top of which admiral Nelson was mortally wound-ded by a musket shot. Another account says, he received his death wound from the Redoubtable, french?

O Fanny! these envenom'd states Have doom'd our deaths among the rats, In one explosion, to the sky Our chaplain, rats, and sailors fly,

"To deal in such inhuman war
Is more than english blood can bear;
It brings again the gothic age,
Renews that period on the stage,
When men against the gods rebell'd,
And Ossa was on Pelion piled:
The trojan war, when Diomede
In battle, made fair Venus bloed;
Or, when the giants of renown
Attempted Jove's imperial crown:
From such a foe, before we meet.
The safest way, is to retreat,
To leave this curst unlucky shore
And come to trouble them no more.

"But, should it be my fate to-night, Not to behold to-morrow's light But mingle with the vulgar dead, With all my terrors on my head—Should such a fate be mine, I say, Dear Fanny you must lead the way;—You are the saint that will atone For what amiss I might have done: If such as you will intercede The chaplain may a furlow plead, While you and I in raptures go Where stormy winds no longer blow,

Where guns are not, to shed our blood, Or if there be, are made of wood; Where all is love, and no one hates; No falling kings or rising states; No colors that we must defend, If sick, or dead, or near our end; Where yankees are admitted not To hatch their damn'd torpedo plot: Where you will have no beds to make, Nor I be doom'd to lie awake."

ON THE

ENGLISH DEVASTATIONS

AT THE

CITY OF WASHINGTON.

Their power abused! that power may soon descend:
Years, not remote, may see their glory end:
The british power, the avaricious crown,
Pull'd every flag, hurl'd every standard down;
Columbian ships they seized on every sea,
Condemn'd those ships, nor left our sailors free.
So long a tyrant on the watery stage,
They thought to tyrannize through every age;
They hoped all commerce to monopolize;
Europe, at sea, they affected to despine;

They laugh'd at France contending for a share Of commerce, one would think, as free as air. They captured most, without remorse or ples, And grew as proud as arrogance could be. .

Stung by a thousand wrongs, at length arose
The Western States, these tyrants to oppose.
With just resentment, met them on the main,
And burnt, or sunk their ships, with hosts of slain.

The blood ran black from every english heart
To see their empire from the seas depart,
To see their flag to thirteen stripes surrender,
And many an english ship made fire and tinder;
They swore, they raged; they saw, with patience spent,
Each last engagement had the same event—
What could they do? revenge inspired their breasts,
And hell's sensations seized their swelling chests.—
All to revenge, to Maryland they came,
And costly works of art assail'd with flame;
In Washington they left a dismal void,—
Poor compensation for their ships destroy'd!—
We burn, where guns their frigates poorly guard;
They burn, where scarce a gun is seen or heard!

TRANSLATED

THE THIRD BOOK OF LUCRETIUS de rature rerus, OR, ON THE NATURE OF THINGS.

Bil igitur mors est; ad nos neque pertinet hilum, Quando quidem patura animi mortalis habetur, 4c.

If dies the mind, as bodies die, Tell me, mortal, tell me why For the ages you foresee Such an anxious care should be?

Long before our natal day
In secure repose we lay,
In the elements immersed,
In the moistening clouds dispersed;
Scatter'd through the mighty void,
With the winds we were employ'd;
In the seeds of plants we stay'd,
In the ocean's depths we stray'd;
With the elements combined,
To the elements confined,
Scatter'd through our mother earth
Till their union gave us birth.

*This nervous roman author, writ his work many fore the light of christianity had given a better insight concerns the future state of man.

Then we knew nor suffer'd pain— Will it be the case again ?— Does the soul, indeed, revive In some future state to live ?—

When the carthaginian arms
To our fathers gave alarms,
When the world was in a tremour,
Doubtful who would own or claim her;
We who live, perceived it not,
Where they conquer'd, where they fought.

Unattain'd the human rank,
All was then, to us, a blank;
All was nothing!—how they raged,
Where they perish'd, where engaged—

We who live, perceived no more Of that carthaginian war, Of their murders, rage, or scora Than the nations yet unborn.

When our bothes are disjoin'd,
Once uncoupled from the mind,
Grief, or pain, we shall not know,
All must to oblivion go!
With the elements again
Is our prospect to remain!
In oblivion's passive state,—
So decreed the words of fate;

There be scatter'd, there be toss'd, Disunited—never lost—

We shall not feel, we shall not see, Merely, since we shall not be.

Souls and bodies, when they join
Make what we ourselves define;
Nothing else on nature's plan,
Makes the individual, man:
Souls, in a divided state,
Nothing can to us relate;
Souls and bodies, when conjoin'd,
Constitute the human kind.

When the dream of life is done,
Animation lost and gone,
Should these atoms, now we claim,
Leap once more into one frame,
Ranged precisely as before
They would not the self restore,
The same being, would not bring;
ALL WOULD BE ANOTHER THINE.

THE TWO GENII:

ressed to a young lady, of a consumptive habit, dearting from New-York, by sea, for South-Carolina, in -1805-

Among the dreams of Plato's brain, Which some have read, but few explain, One dream was on the mind impress'd As more attractive than the rest; As such, at least, it struck my view. And may be false, or may be true.

He says, that on our natal day Two different spirits take their way, One from above, and one below, And on our lives their cares bestow: In all our steps our ways attend, And one a fee and one a friend.

The power benign, from seats of bliss, Inclines us not to do amiss: And often warns, with words unbeard, In virtue's path our steps to guard, Not to displease the heavenly guest, Or wound the God within the breast: Æ. 11. M

She stays the arm, restrains the stroke, Prevents the word that might be spoke In anger's haste, to fire the veins, To shed the blood that life sustains, And bring them to a shameful end Who keep on passion no command.

What lies beyond our power to shun, Herself she kindly takes upon; In midnight dangers, all unseen, Ourselves and death she stands between, In war she moves, with tender care To shield the breasts that honor her, The head proteots, the heart inspires To disregard the fiercest fires; She walks supreme where thousands fall, Commands the sword, directs the ball, With every kind protection paid To those deserving of her aid.

Upon the deep she keeps afloat,
Where yet she never dipt her foot;
She there commands the swelling sail;
She there controls the fiercest gate,
And brings in safety to the shore
All those she has a value for;
For them she acts, for them she moves,
Thus guards the steps of all she loves.

To those engaged on base designs, Where madness drives, or vice inclines. She no attention to them pays,
But leaves them to their crooked ways:
If they resort to folly's gate,
She sighs! and leaves them to their fate.

She comes in dreams, such is her power, To entertain the midnight hour; In these she paints the heavenly scenes, Of solar groves and solar plains, And all that tancy can design To represent a state divine, Where, in the sun, or morning star, Or in some planet, brighter far, Removed from care, removed from pain, She comes to join you once again!

The genius of the different kind
Inspires all malice in the mind:
His ways are death! he gives the word,
And discord lifts the murdering sword:
The dreams he sends, with horrid art,
Dismay the soul, distract the heart:
The paths of night he, dreary, treads,
And all he says to ruin leads—
He never dared your mind to sway,
Approach'd you not by night or day—
Let him his wicked course pursue;—
I turn from him to talk with you.

May the kind genius on you wait, And guard you to your native STATE. You are no stranger to her power, Her influence meets you every hour; She knew you well in seasons past, And may she knew you to the last, Then meet you on celestial ground Where care, nor grief, nor pain is found.

So hopes the bard, who saw you sail
From Hudson's stream with April's gale:
May he, who bids the canyas spread,
The pilot of the decks you tread,
With every care conduct you safe,
Avoid the rock, avoid the reef;—
The genius of your natal day
Will aid him on the watery way:

May favoring winds his canvas hiss And waft you to the lap of bliss—Still may he shun the Hatteras shoal, The breakers that on Look-out roll—Avoid Cape Fear, his dangerous Pan; Avoid the dangers of Roman, Till safe arrived at Charleston Bar You meet a kind reception there—

THE

HYPOCHONDRIAC.

Underneath a cypress shade
In a shabby coat array'd,
Stood a man, of thirty years,
Often shedding many tears:
His arms were folded on his breast,
And all about him look'd distrest;
His face was of a woful cast,
He only speke of what was past!
Musing with himself, alone,
Intermingled, many a groan;
Then observed, with many a sigh,
To an axe-man, passing by:

** The world abounds with pain and care,
And I have more than I can bear;
The dreams of death attend my sleep,
Blue devils hourly near me creep;
The fiends of night around me fly;
At times I almost wish to die,
And quit this sublunary state
Which, from my very soul, I hate:
Ruin'd twice, and twice perplext,
I knew not where to turn me next;

Twice they had me fast in jail;
Not a man would be my bail;
The sheriff sold my little farm!
I have no fire, to keep me warm;
I long to see such trouble cease,
And sleep with them who sleep in peace."

The axe-man, with indignant frown, And vext enough to knock him down, To the man about to die Sneering, made this brief reply:

"Why, you lubber, such a clamor? Here's the axe, and there's the hammer, Here's the hoe, and there's the spade— If you are of these afraid, Turn your eye towards the shore. There's the boat, and there's the oar-Here's the log, and there's the wedge, Here's the beetle, there's the sledge: Look about you, where you will, On the plain, or on the hill, In the wood, or on the moor Grows the physic for your cure. See the thresher with his flail-Do like him, and nothing ail-If a while you take his place, The world will wear a better face; The sheriff will upon you smile, The jail be distant, many a mile; Every day will have its charms, Nothing's got by folded arms."

SIR PETER PETRIFIED:

NOTHE MODERN SIR PETER PARKER'S EXPEDI-TION TO KENT ISLAND, IN CHESAPEAKE BAY.

-- 1814---

Sir Peter came, with bold intent,
To persecute the men of Kent
His flag aloft display'd:
He came to see their pleasant farms,
But ventured not without his arms
To talk with man or maid.

And then the gallant colonel Reed Said, "we must see the man indeed; He comes perhaps in want— Who knows but that his stores are out: Tis hard to dine on mere sour krout, His water may be scant."

He spoke—but soon the men of Kent
Discover'd what the errand meant,
And some, discouraged, said,
"Sir Peter comes to petrify,
He points his guns, his colors fly,
His men for war array'd!"

Secure, as if they own'd the land,
Advanced this daring naval band,
As if in days of peace;
Along the shore they, prowling, went,
And often ask'd some friends in Kent
Where dwelt the fattest geese?

The farmers' geese were doom'd to bleed;
But some there were, with colonel Reed,
Who would not yield assent;
And said, before the geese they take,
Sir Peter must a bargain make
With us, the boys of Kent.

The britons march'd along the shore,
Two hundred men, or somewhat more;
Next, through the woods they stray'd:
The geese, still watchful, as they went,
To save the capitol of Kent
Their every step betray'd.

The british march'd with loaded gun
To seize the geese that gabbling run
About the isle of Kent:
But, what could hardly be believed,
Sir Peter was of life bereaved
Before he pitch'd his tent.

Some kentish lad, to save the geese, And make their noisy gabbling cease Had took a deadly aim: By kentish hands sir Peter fell, His men retreated, with a yell And lost both geese and game!

Now what I say, I say with grief,
That such a knight, or such a chief
On such an errand died!!!
When men of worth their lives expose
For little things, where little grows
They make the very geese their foes;
The geese his fall deride:

And, sure, they laugh, if laugh they can,
To see a star and garter'd man
For life of goose expose his own,
And bite the dust, with many a groan—
Alas! a gander cry'd—
"Behold, (said he,) a man of fame
Who all the way from England came
No more than just to get the name
Of patter patterning."

ON FINDING

A TERRAPIN IN THE WOODS,

GH HAD A. D. 1756 MARKED ON THE BACK OF SHELL.

The date informs me you have stray'd Full fifty years through sun and shade,
Through wet and dry, and heat and cold—But how much more we are not told:
The secret you to none relate,
How old you were before the date—For aught that of decay appears
You may have seen an hundred years;
And yet, tis somewhat strange to say,
You have not yet a speck of grey,
While many a wight of human germ
Before existing half the term,
As grey as badgers to the eye
Proclaim their winter time is nigh.

How have you held it out so well, So long the tenant of a SHELL ?-How have you chanced to live so long Your shell is neither thick nor strong. That once a prisoner you have been Is from the mark distinctly seen And 'cross your back there pass'd a knife That might have robb'd you of your life. The mark has made a full confession That some one had you in possession. Supposed you hardly worth the eating. And so he writ a license, greeting-He gave you, with a liberal heart, His free permission to depart, On one condition set you free. To show your mark to all you see-

How like a pedlar with his pack!—
Your carry all upon your back;
And yet, how sad it is to tell
You have not two pence worth to sell!
Your hide is of the flinty kind,
By nature for your house design'd;
In this enclosed, you sleep secure
Though frosts congeal or torrents pour.
It covers you from snow and rain,
And serpents menace it in vain.

Thrice happy terrapin! when taken You hide your head, to save your bacon: Your shell is like the trojan wall That guarded Priam, sons; and all; In which had gallant Hector stay'd He might have shunn'd the grerian blade, Have shunn'd the last deciding blow, And bid Achilles kiss—his toc.

You are a prisoner once again;
But fear me not—I keep no chain.
Since nothing you request of me
I leave you safe, and leave you free
To crawl the valley or the plain
And be as happy as you can.
Your habitation is this wood,
And here you find supplies of food:
Your beverage is the forest stream,
You sleep with no uneasy dream.
Kind nature will not let you want;
Enough at hand, and nothing scant,
She spreads your table, all complete,
Knough to drink, enough to eat.

Poor solitary terrapin,
I leave you sound in shell and skin,
I stopt your walk; but set you down
Just as I found you—live unknown;
The forest is a sure resource—
May no one ever treat you worse:

IN MEMORY OF.

JAMES LAWRENCE, ESQUIRE.

Eate commander of the United States frigate Chesapeake. who fell in the action, with the british ship of wer Shannon, June 1st. 1813.

Semper honoratum habebo-

To lift his name to high renown His native merits led the way; His morning sun resplendent shone Till clouds obscured the fading ray: His country's voice his worth confess'd, His country's tears disclose the rest. In battle brave, his lofty mind Aspired to all that fame relates Of those, who on her page we find Defenders of insulted states : Of all who fought, or all who fell, The noblest part he copied well.

For LAWRENCE dead, his Jersey mourns, With tearful eye laments the day N

FRENEAU'S

When all the worth that men adorns
One fatal moment snatch'd away!
On honor's bed his doom he found,
In honor's cause, the deadly wound.

To what vast heights his mind aspired,
Who knew him best can best relate:
A longer term the cause required
That urged him to an early fate:
But HE, whose fires illumed his brea
Knew what was right and what was l

His country to her breast receives
His mangled form, and holds it dear;
She plants her marble, while she grieves,
Where all, who read, might drep a tear
And say, while memory calls to mind
The chief, who with our worthies shined
Here LAWRENCE rests, his country's prid
On valor's decks who fought and died

ON THE

BRITISH BLOCKADE,

ND EXPECTED ATTACK ON NEW-YORK-1814.

Old Neversink,* with bonnet blue,
The present times may surely rue
When told what England means to do:

Where from the deep his head he rears
The din of war salutes his ears,
That teazed him not for thirty years.

He eastward looks towards the main To see a noisy naval train Invest his bay, our fleets detain,

What can be done in such a case?— His rugged heights the blast must face, The storm that menaces the place.

The highlands, a little southward of Sandy-Hook; being at of bold high country, several thousand acres in ex; to the southward of which there is no land that may be sed mountainous, on the whole coast of the United States to e Florida. The real aboriginal name of this remarkable protory was Navesink, since corrupted into Neversink.

With tents I see his mountain spread, The soldier to the summit led, And cannon planted on his head:

From Shrewsbury beach to Sandy Hook The country has a martial look, And quakers skulk in every nook.—

What shall be done in such a case?— We ask again with woful face To save the trade and guard the place?

Where mounted guns the FORTE secure, The cannon at the embrasure, Will british fleets attempt to moor?

Perhaps they may—and make a dash, To fill their pockets with our cash— Their dealings non are rather harsh.

They menace to assail the coast With such a fleet and such a host As may devour us—boil'd or roast,

Their feelings are alive and sore For what they got at *Baltimore*, When, with disgrace, they left the shore,

And will revenge it, if they can, On town and country, maid and man— And all they fear is rulten's plan; Torpedoes planted in the deep, Whose blast may put them all to sleep, Or ghostify them at a sweep.

Another scheme, entirely new, Is hammering on his anvil too, That frightens christian, turk, and jew.

A frigate,† mounting thirty six!— Who'er with her a quarrel picks Will little get but cuffs and kicks:

A frigate meant to sail by steam!— How can she else but torture them, Be proof to all their fire and flame.

A feast she cooks for England's sons Of scalded heads and broken bones Discharged from iron hearted guns.

To make a brief of all I said—
If to attack they change blockade
Their godships will be well repaid

The steam frigate FULTON THE FIRST: Qui me percellit morbetur—who strikes at me to death is doomed! character well known in New-York several years since, reable for elegance and luxurious refinements in the art of ery.

With water, scalding from the pot, With melted lead and flaming shot, With vollies of—I know not what,

The british lads will be so treated:
Their wooden walls will be so heated,
Their ruin will be soon completed.

Our citizens shall stare and wonder— The Neversink repel their thunder And cockeurs miss a handsome plunder.

THEODOSIA

IN THE MORNING STAR.

The fatal and perfidious barque!
Built in the eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark,
That sunk so low that angel form of thine!

The morning star, resplendent in the east, May be our station, when from life released.

Tempestuous cape! how fatal proved the day When from thy shores the faithless ship withdrew, Yet, prosperous gales impell'd her on her way Till the broad capyas yanish'd from the view. Long on that height the pensive friends remain'd Till ocean's curve-conceal'd her from the eye, And all was hope that she her port attain'd Ere ten more suns illumed the morning sky.

Fond friends! false hope! no port beheld her come With flowing sheet, to meet the pilot's sail:

No pilot met her on the Atlantic foam—
What could the pilot, or his art, avail?

Detested barque! nor art thou yet arrived— Nor wilt thou come! three years are roll'd away! You, Theodosia of her life deprived, You sunk her from the cheerful beams of day!

Where dost thou rest, with her whose genius rose Above her sex—for science so renown'd—
But does her spirit in the deep repose
Or find new mansions on celestial ground?

That soars above to heights unknown before, Where all is joy, and life that never ends; Where all is rapture, all admire, adore; Immortal nature, with angelic friends.

Oh! shed no more the tears of sad regret; The hymns of joy, the lofty verse prepare— Her briny doom, the ingulphing wave forget FOR THEODOSIA IN THE MORNING STAR.

ON THE CAPTURE OF THE

UNITED STATES FRIGATE ESSEX.

Of thirty-two guns, David Porter, esq. commander, in the neutral port of Valparisso, on the coast of Chili, in South America, January, 1814, by the british frigate Phabe capt. Hillyer, of forty-nine guns, and the Cherub of thirty-two guns.

" All the devils were there, and hell was empty !"

From cruising near the southern pole
Where wild antarctic oceans roll,
With a gallant crew, a manly soul,
Heroic PORTER came.
Then, weathering round the stormy cape,*
And facing death in every shape,
Which ANSON† hardly could escape,
(So says the page of fame.)

* Cape Horn: being the most southern extremity of the Island of Terra del Fuego, which is separated from the continent of America by the streights of Magellan. lat. 56° S. Long. 67° 26' west † See lord Anson's voyage round the world between 1740 and 1744, by his chaplain, the rev. Richard Walter. The terrors and dangers of a winter passage round Cape Horn into the Western Ocean, are depicted in that work by a masterly hand, who was witness to the scene—

He made the high chilesian coast,
The Andes, half in vapor lost,
The Andes, topp'd with snow and frost,
Eternal winter's reign!
Then, to the rugged western gale,
He spread the broad columbian sail;
And, Valparisso, thy fair vale
Received him, with his men.

There, safely moor'd, his colors fly,
Columbia's standard waved on high;
The neutral port, his friends, were nigh:
So gallant PORTER thought;
Wor deem'd a foe would heave in sight
Regardless of all neutral right;
And yet, that foe he soon must fight,
And fight them as he ought.

His Essex claim'd his fondest care,
With her he every storm could dare,
With her, to meet the blast of war,
His soul was still in trim:
In her he cruised the northern main,
In her he pass'd the burning line,
In her he all things could attain,
If all would act like him.

At length, two hostile ships appear,
And for the port they boldly steer—
The Phoche first, and in her rear
The Cherub, all secure.

They loom'd as gay as for a dance,
Or ladles painted in romance—
Do, mind how boldly they advance.
Who can their fire endure!

The Phebe mounted forty nine—
All thought her on some grand design—
Does she alone the fight decline?
Say, captain Hillyer, say?
The Cherub's guns were thirty two—
And, Essex! full a match for you—
Yet to her bold companion true,

She hugg'd her close, that day.

Ye powers, that rule the southern pole!

Are these the men of english soul?

Do these, indeed, the waves control?

Are these the ocean's lords?

Though challenged singly to the fight
(As Porter, Hillyer, did invite)

These men of spunk, these men of might.

Refused to measure swords!

What, fight alone! bold Hillyer said—
I will not fight without my am—
The Cherub is for war array'd,

And she must do her share!

Now PORTER saw their dastard plan—
To fight them both was surely vain;
We should have thought a man insane
That would so madly dare.

Then, hands on deck! the anchors weigh!

—And for the sea he left the bay,

A running fight to have that day,

And thus rescape his foes.

But oh!—distressing to relate—

As round a point of land he beat

A squall from hell the ship beset,

And her maintopmast goes!

Unable to attain that end,
He turns toward the neutral friend,
And hoped protection they might lend,
But no protection found.
In this distress, the foe advanced—
With such an eye at Essex glanced!
And such a fire of death commenced
As dealt destruction round!

With every shot they raked the deck,
Till mingled ruiu seized the wreck:
No valor could the ardor check
Of England's martial tars!
One hundred men the Essex lost:
But Phæbe found, and to her cost,
That PORTER made them many a ghost
To serve in Satan's wars.

Oh, clouded scene!—yet must I tell Columbia's flag, indignant, fell— To Essex, now, we bid farewell; She wears the english flag! But YANKEES she has none on board To point the gun or wield the sword; And though commanded by a lord They'll have no cause to braig.

STANZAS

On robbing a bee hive in a warm day in the month

March 1814.

[The subsequent stanzas were written by a young lady of twen, and are inserted in this work at her particular reques

Tell me, bees, why did you roam

And no one leave, to guard your home,
To tell, you were alive?

Some wicked demon led me hence,
Through the snow and o'er the fence
To rob your lonely hive!

I rattled at your door so loud;
But none appear'd of your vast crowd,
To stay my hasty hand:

ROBBING A BEE HIVE.

Your little waxen cups so sweet !— The more delicious was the treat, The more did I demand.

I pillaged all your little store,
And then besieged your cell for more;
And what have I to tell!
I met your busy fluttering band—
An empty hive, and frozen land—
You now must leave your cell!

Ah no! your honey I restore;
And favors I will grant you more;
Then, stay with me, and live.
Of your numerous insect host
The honey-bees I prize the most,
Such nectar sweets they give!

I'll plant gay roses round your seat
To screen you from the summer's heat,
Or sip them, at your will.
Sweet Flora will resume her reign,
Her f vors you may court again,
And be most happy still!
HELENA.

ON THE

LOSS OF THE PRIVATEER BRIGANTINE

GENERAL ARMSTRONG,

Captain Samuel C. Reid, of New-York, which sails, from Sandy Hook, on a cruise, the ninth of September, 1814, and on the 27th came to anchor in the road of Fayal, one of the Asores, or Western Islands, a neutral port belonging to the crown of Portugal. She anchored in that port for the purpose of procuring a supply of fresh water, when she was attacked by the british ship of war Plantagenet, of 74 guns, capt. Lloyd; the Rota frigate of 36 guns, and the armed national brig Carnation, of 18 guns, and many barges of considerable force, all of which she repulsed, with an immense slanghter, and was then scuttled and sunk by order of Captain Reid, to prevent her falling into the hands of the enemy.

The Armstrong arrived in the port of Fayal, *And her actions of valor we mean to recall; Brave Reid, her commander, his valorous crew, The heroes that aided, his officers, too.

Shall it fall to their lot

To be basely forgot?

O no! while a bard has a pen to command

Their fame shall resound through american land.

In the road of Fayal, when their anchors were east, The british were watching to give them a blast; Not far from the port, for destruction sharp set, Lay the Rota, Carnation, and Plantagenet:

With a ship of the line
Did a frigate combine,
And a brig of great force, with her boats in the rear,
To capture or burn one New-York privateer!

Four boats from the brig were dispatch'd in great haste, And onward they came, of the Armstrong to taste; To taste of her powder, to taste of her ball, To taste of the death she must hurl on them all!—

They came in great speed, And with courage, indeed,

Well mann'd and well arm'd—so they got along side, Destruction their motto, damnation their guide.

Now the Armstrong, with vengeance, had open'd her fire,

And gave them as much as they well could desire;
A score of them fell—full twenty fell dead—
Then quarters! they cried, and disgracefully fled:—

To their ships they return'd
Half shatter'd and burn'd—
Not quite in good humor, perhaps in a fret,
And waited new orders from Plantagenet.

Then the Armstrong haul'd in, close abreast of the beach,

So near, that a pistol the castle could reach;
And there she awaited the rest of their plan,
And there they determined to die, to a man,

Ere the lords of the waves
With their sorrowful slaves,
The tyrants, who claim the command of the main,
With strength, though superior, their purpose should
gain.

And now the full moon had ascended the sky, Reid saw by her light that the british were nigh: The bell of Fayal told the hour—it was nine— When the foe was observed to advance in a line;

They manœuvred a while

With their brig, in great style,

Till midnight approach'd when they made their attack.

Twelve boats, full of men, and the brig at their back!

They advanced to the conflict as near as they chose, When the Armstrong her cannon discharged on her foes—

The town of Fayal stood aghast in amaze

The Armstrong appear'd like all hell in a blaze!

At the blast of Long Tom
The foe was struck dumb:

O lord! are the sons of old England alarm'd— With music like this they were formerly charm'd!

Huzza for old England! three cheers, and a damn!
And up to the conflict they manfully came;
On the bows and the quarters they grappled a hold,
And board! was the word in those barges so bold;
But board they could not—to no devil she strikes,
So the Armstrong repell'd them with pistols and
pikes—

PRIVATEER GENERAL ARMSTRONG. 157

From her musquetry fire
They by dozens expire!
And soon was the work of destruction complete,
And soon was determined their total defeat—!

Three hundred brave fellows were wounded and kill'd, Their boats and their barges with slaughter were fill'd; With shame they retreated, the few that remain'd, To tell the event of the battle—not gain'd:

Their commander in chief
Was astounded with grief!—
Dont grieve, my good fellows—he hail'd them—I beg
I too have my wounds—" an ox trod on my leg!"

But to save the stout Armstrong—even Reid could not do—

A ship of the line with a frigate in tow—!

A brig of their navy accounted for war—!

All this was to much for e'en yankees to dare:

So he scuttled his barque— Nor need we remark

That she sunk on the sands by the beach of Fayal With her colors all flying—no colors could fall!

Of neutrals what nonsense some tell us each day! Exists there a neutral where Britain has sway? The rights of a neutral!—away with such stuff— What neutral remains that can England rebuff?—

To be safe from disgrace

The deep seas are our place:
The flag of no neutral our flag can defend,
By ourselves we must fight, on ourselves must depend.

Now in bumpers of reason, success to brave Reid! Himself and his heroes are heroes indeed!— In conquests, like this, can an englishman glory, One traitor among us, one Halifax tory?

If they can—let them brag—
Here's success to our flag!
May it ever be ready, the britons to maul,
As the Armstrong behaved in the road of PAYAL—

PYTHONA:*

OR THE PROPHETESS OF EN-DOR.

PERSONS:

SAUL.

My head is sick, my heart is sad!—
What magic shall relieve my care?
Hence, from my sight, ye omens bad,
Crowns have their thorns, and mine its share.

I see the proud philistine band !—
Say, can my strength with these contend?
On Gilboa's height I take my stand,
Too wask to conquer or defend.

A heart dismay'd, faint heart, is mine!
What shall I do to save my throne?
In vain I seek the power divine,
He hears me not, I'm left alone!

Then must I sleep among the dead?

And is my final refuge there?—
Seize on my crown, ye lightnings red!

And hurl me from this stage of care.

Advance, ye few, who guard your king, Attend my words, and mark me well; Go, to my tent some sorceress bring, One powerful with the magic spell:

From such—from her, I'll know my doom, Since magic does from heaven descend; The secrets of the time to come From her I'll learn, to her attend.

OFFICER.

To En-dor's vale shall we repair?—
A maid of dreams inhabits there.—
She remains, and only she!—
All the rest were slain by THEE!—
She remains, to tell your doom,
Secrets of the days to come;

There she dwells amidst the shade, In her mourning needs array'd. With powers of incantation strong, Mystic words and magic song:

Since your mandate bade them fall She, I say, survives of all— There she sits in gloomy shades, There her waning visage fades:

But, so potent are her charms,
Clouds and tempests she disarms;
Ghosts arise at her command,
Oceans swell above the land;
To their silent mansions led,
She can wake the sleeping dead;—
In her course, at night or noon,
She arrests the wandering moon,
Holds her empire, wide and far,
Can displace the polar star;
She can mix the dose of love,
Make all union fatal prove,
Make the fondest heart untrue—
Nothing that she cannot do!

SAUL.

To her groves this hour we go!

But king Saul she shall not know.—

I'll change my aspect, change my dress, Till at myself she shall not guess—

When the midnight shades advance, Hours before the eastern glance, Lead me on to En-dor's vales Where the fair enchantress dwells-Where she deals her potions strong Where she hums her mystic song, Where she wakes the slumbering dead In their silent mansions laid. To reveal the words of fate. Conjured from their silent state! Where with her mysterious charms, Clouds and tempests she disarms, Where she chills with poisons strong. Mystic words and magic song-Two, attend me on the road Till we reach her dread abode!

SCENE, AT THE GROVE OF THE PROPHETERS.

SAUL.

Fair enchantress of the grove!
Favorite of the powers above—
Favorite of the powers below,
Somewhat from you I would know;

Can you, by your awful spell, Known in heaven and felt in hell; Can you from the silent dead Sleeping in his earthy bed, Will you bring in self the same, Bring the man that I will name?

PROPHETESS.

Stranger! at the midnight hour Why approach my gloomy bower? Know you not the tale of wo?-For such an art as I do know By the king's severe command. Saul, the monarch of our land, How he slew, or bade depart All who learn'd the magic art; How they perish'd, how they fell Who possess'd the magic spell: For my life a snare you lay, Far go from me, far away! Cause me not, I pray, to die, Leave me and my sorcery; Leave me to my gloomy trees, Fathom not the heaven's decrees-Since the king has done us wrong I restrain my mystic song-Now, I bid you, now farewell; Dangerous is the magic spell.

SAUL.

Fear me not, prophetic maid!
Lend me but your dreary aid,
And I swear by him above
Nothing shall pernicious prove—

Safe, secure from every harm, If you will but lend your charm.

PROPHETESS.

From the mansions in the grave That his weeping kindred gave, Young in years, or old in days, Tell me whom that I shall raise.

SAUL.

Raise me Samuel from the tomb!
Bid—enchantress,—Samuel come:
Samuel's glost I wish to see,
Samuel's shade will talk with me.

PROPHETESS.

Shade of Samuel! leave the dead!

Be once more in flesh array'd!

If of slumbers e'er so fond,

Rise! when I display my wand!

—Samuel comes! in grave attire:

See him, stranger, and admire!—

Stranger! stranger, did I say?
Thou art Saul, whom I obey:
Why hast thou deceived me so?
Thou art Saul—and well I know!—
Now I find my doom is sure,
Tortures I must now endure!

Why, my monarch, did you wrong
The sisters of mysterious song—
The brethren of the magic spell?——

SAUL.

Fear me not—for all is well— Tell me, sybil, what you saw— What impress'd you with such awe, When you raised your wand on high, When some image met your eye?

PROPHETESS.

From earth I saw a god ascend— Angels shield! and heaven defend!

SAUL.

Tell me whose the form he wears? Like to whom this god appears?

PROPHETESS.

I see an ancient sage arise
In the garb of him who dies:
A mantle o'er his limbs is spread,
The winding sheet that wraps the dead:

SAUL.

That god you saw was him restored,
The ancient prophet, long adored.

That Samuel, wrapt in funeral shroud, Samuel, to whom the nations bow'd----I worship at his honor'd shrine, To thee I bend, O seer divine!

SAMUEL.

From caves of death and sleep profound, Why hast thou call'd me, king renown'd! I safely slept in soft repose, Why disturb me?—Saul, disclose.

SAUL.

My head is sick, my heart is sad;
Misfortune almost makes me mad—
Oppress'd am I with grief and care,
The philistines have march'd to war:
That God, whom once I found a friend
No longer will my steps attend;
No more he answers to my prayer,
But all is darkness and despair:
No more he comes in midnight dreams,
No prophet, now, a prophet seems—
And therefore at this gloomy hour
I call you by the magic power:
Where shall I march, or what pursue;
Tell me Samuel, what to do!

SAMUEL.

Why ask of me what fates attend? If heaven appears no more your friend. Seek not from me the approaching doom. The warfare of the times to come. While blood yet bounded from my heart-And nature here perform'd her part. Just as I said, your royal throne, Your kingdom is no more your own! It leaves you in this sad distress And goes to one whom you oppress-It goes to David-mark me well-Because you spared the sons of hell-The wrath of heaven you wish'd to check In vengeance upon Amalek: For this, your woes arrive at last, For this, your lot is fatal cast— The philistines their ranks display. You and your army die this day! To-morrow shalt thou be with me-O king! such is your destiny. Your army shall be crush'd and slain. And torn by vultures from the plain-And all your host that crowds the field, Again I say, shall fall or yield."

Astonish'd at the words he spoke
The monarch shudder'd at his look!
He trembled when the spectre frown'd
He fell, half frantic, to the ground;
And scarcely life his pulse retain'd,
And scarcely blood in Saul remain'd.

THE PROPHETESS OF EN-DOR.

PROPHETESS.

Arise, my lord, accept my aid;
I placed my trust in all you said:
My life I trusted in your hands;
I well obey'd your whole commands;
Now hear me for this time, the last!
Why to the dust thus lowly cast!—
Arise! and act in style of MAN—
I have a kettle and a pan—
I have some bread—then freely eat—"

Saul thought her bread a scanty treat; And said, "dear madam, no, no, no, Your bread alone is but so, so."—

Then from the ground the monarch rose, (She had no chairs, we may suppose)

And sate him down upon her bed;
(Even monarchs then were rudely bred.)

"Why, madam, have you nothing more
Than mere dry-bread?—a scanty store!
Then let us go, lament and sigh,
And hungry fight and hungry die."—

Nay, said the witch, I have a calf, So fat, that it would make you laugh—Then rising quick, she seized her knife And robb'd poor Darby of his life.

She knew her lord and king was nigh, And so she made a dutchman's pye; Her table cloth she did display,— Saul eat his fill—and march'd away.

THE FROST OF MISFORTUNE.

. Written on the occasion of a girl of about ten years of age being irozen to death in the streets of a populous city in a severe January.

"——Take physic, pomp!—
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel;
That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,
And show the heavens more just!——"
SHAKSPEARE.

- "Why came I to this frozen world?"—she said—And sate her down upon the bench forlorn—
- "My father gone, Columbia's wars to aid;
 My mother, sisters, famish'd—view'd with score.
- "O wealth, O fortune! are ye made of stone,
 To leave me thus. deserted and distrest!—
 Thus left, all wretched, feeble, and alone—
 And didst thou, nature, all things for the best?—
- "O sleep, thou friendly power, thou shade of death,
 Come to my aid, and shield me from the blast:
 To the I leave my last, departing breath,
 To this world's mercy, or its vengeance, cast.

FROST OF MELANCHOLY.

"What have I done to merit such a fate?—
Approach, ye few, not arm'd with hearts of bra
Snatch me, congealing,—but ye come too late,
I to some happier world, indignant, pass."

ON GENERAL MIRANDA'S

EXPEDITION

To execute a vast design,
The soul, Miranda, was not thine:
With you the fates did not combine
To make an empire free.
We saw you spread Leander's sail,
We saw the adverse winds prevail,
Sad omen that the cause would fail
That led you to the sea.

By feeble winds the sall was fill'd, By feebler hands the helm was held— We saw you from the port repell'd*

You might have made your own.

We saw you leave a manly crew
To the base spaniard, to imbrue
His hands in blood—and not a few
Were on his mercy thrown:

In dungeons vile they pass'd the day,
Far from their country, far away
From pitying friends, from liberty!
That years could scarce retrieve!
Twas thus Miranda play'd his game;
But who with him should share the blame?

Perhaps if we the men did name.

CREDULITY would not believe!

^{*} Porto Cavallo, or Cabello, a sea port town of Terra Firms in South America, on the coast of the Caraccas, and the Caribbes Sea; said to have been the first object of Miranda's expedition.

TO ISMENIA.

While forests bend and tempests blow,
From heaven descends the drifting snow,
So cold, and yet so pure:
Why came you to this frozen waste,
In winter's mantle thus embraced—?
And do you feel secure?

His robe of white invests the plains,
A chillness through all nature reigns,
Her winding sheet she wears!
Upon the ground your eyes are cast,
Alarm'd, you hear the howling blast,
A slave to hopes and fears.

Be not dismay'd—the hearth shall blaze;
Observe, once more, the lengthening days;
The friendly faggot burns—
The sun has reach'd Aquarius' sign,
The sun advances to the line,
The prince of day returns!

To guard you from fell winter's stroke, From yonder wood I bring the oak, I bring the season'd pine: By friendship and affection led
To deck your glass the wilds I tread;
The IVY, with its berries red,
Shall both be thine:

The brenster, green amidst the snow,
The laurels, that too near me grow,
Shall cheer you through this scene of wo.
These bitter gales,
That sweep the land, that rend the main,
That cloud the heavens with snow or rain—
Repine not at their blasting train,
It nought avails!

And be not grieved—for all we find Comes from one all-directing mind—

In all things be to HIM resign'd

The great supreme!

He tempers to the shivering lamb The keenest blasts from heaven that came. That power sublime, the great I AM.

The arch-angel's theme!

In winter's frown, or Flora's smile, He is your guardian, all the while; He walks with you the weary mile, And smooths the road:

He guards you till at last you come To nature's verge, our final doom, The native dust, the silent tomb,

OUR BEST ABODE !

THE

NORTHERN MARCH:

LITTEN PREVIOUSLY TO THE BATTLES OF CHIPPEWA

AND BRIDGEWATER.

Come, to the battle let us go,
Hurl destruction on the foe;
Who commands us, well we know,
Tis the gallant general BROWN.
Haste away from field or town,
Pull the hostile standard down—
If but led by general Brown
What will be the event, we know.

If but led against that foe, Soon their doom the english know, Soon their haughtiest blood shall flow,

When opposed to general Brown. Haste away from town and farm:
If we meet them, where's the harm?
Hinglish power has lost its charm,
England's fame is tumbling down.

Long she ruled the northern waste,
Freedom is by her debased,
Freedom is not to her taste;

All the world must wear her chain!!
"Not a keel shall plough the wave,
Not a sail, without her leave;
Not a fleet, the nations have,
Safe from her, shall stem the main!!

Let this day's heroic deeds
Let the generous breast that bleeds,
Let our chief who bravely leads
Tell them that their reign is done:
Soon to quit Columbia's shore,
Is their doom—we say uo more;
General Brown, in the cannon's roar
Tells them how the field is won!

THE END OF FRENEAU'S POEMS.

THE COURTEOUS KNIGHT,

OR, -

THE FLYING GALLANT.

[From the Baltimore Whig.]

The public will hear with astonishment, that a british knight, f high reputation, should have declined the advances of an amerian lady, who has already made some noise in the world, and is ikely soon to make more. After having notoriously boasted of its willingness, and even of his anxiety, to meet the lady, as well s of his prowess in such encounters, it is impossible to find for his praceless backsliding a sufficient apology; and all true-hearted maidens ought, without the least hesitation, to set him down for faithless perjured lover.

For a nautical knight, a lady—heigho!

Felt her heart and her heart-strings to ache;

To view his dear person she look'd to and fro.

The name of the knight was sir James Lucas Yeo—
And the lady—twas she of the lake.

"My good, sweet sir James," cried the lady so fair,
"Since my passion I cannot control,
When you see my white drapery floating in air,
O hither, and swiftly, I pri'thee, repair,
And indulge the first wish of my soul."

The knight heard, afar, of the lady's desire,
And sprightly, and gay, made reply:

"As your heart, loyely maid, doth my person require
I assure you mine burns with like amorous fire;
And to your loyed presence I'll fly."

From Ontario's margin the lady set sail,

Expecting the knight on that sea:

She dreamt not that he in his promise would fail,

And from a fair lady, unmanlike turn-tail;

Yet be tarried!—what could the cause be?

Impatient to see him, no longer she'd stay;
Resolved o'er the whole lake to roam;
"Oh! have you not heard of my stout knight, I pray?"
She plaintively ask'd all who came in her way:
"Do you think he's to Kingston gone home?"

At length she espy'd him:—what should sir James do?
He fidgeted, ran, and he tack'd in and out:
He fear'd to embrace her: he promised to woo:
She hail'd him, "sir James, charming-fellow, heave too!

"Why do you my tenderness flout?"

He fled like a truant; the lady, in vain,
Her oglings and glances employ'd:
She aim'd at his heart, and she aim'd at his brain;
And she vow'd from pursuing she ne'er would refrain:
The knight was most sadly annoy'd.

At length, from love's fervor the recreant got clear,
And may have, for a season, some rest:
But if this fair lady he ever comes near,
For breaking his promise he'll pay very dear:
The price valiant Chaungey knows best.

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With baked, and broiled, and stewed, and toasted; And fried, and boiled, and smoked, and roasted;

We treat the town.

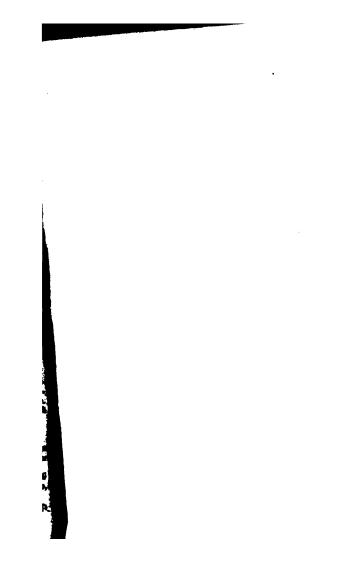
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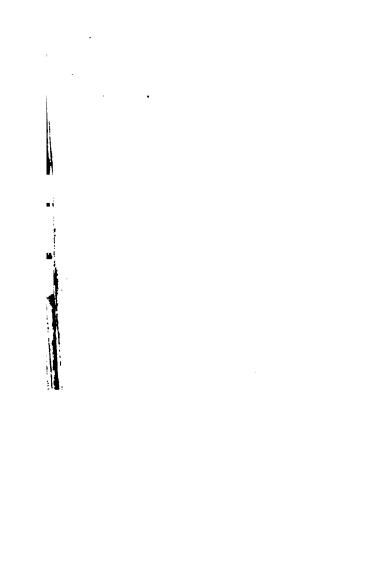


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